MARK MILLAR • JOHN ROMITA JR.

KICK-ASS™

THE DAVE LIZEWSKI YEARS

BOOK THREE

KICK-ASS®

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KICK-ASS

BOOK THREE

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-INTRODUCTION-

Hey, fucker.

Let's face facts, you're one of these fucking fetishistic "fanboy" jerk offs who secretly wishes that he could be Dave Lizewski, beating the shit out of muggers, gangbangers and mob heavies with those akimbo batons as a prepubescent Hit Girl slashes and burns by your side.

It's cool. Me too. I mean good money says most of us already have our dicks in our hands and we're not even out of the intro… but just pace yourself pal and don't pop that nut just yet 'cuz what follows in these pages is one great white whale of a wank.

I suppose some basic backstory is in order. Mark and I met where folks not living in an igloo in Bumfuck, Antarctica tend to meet nowadays… online. Twitter to be precise. Someone reposted (I fucking flat-out refuse to use the word 'Retweet' for fear that my balls will spontaneously detonate) a Millar passage mentioning his love of The A-Team as well as the fact that he had named a character in Nemesis "Carnahan" after yours truly. What Mark didn't know, was that I, along with my brother Matt, had been charged with adapting Nemesis for Fox, but it had all gone sideways.

I reached out to Mark on Twitter and he responded, a fast friendship formed and its cyber-content was reprinted on websites vast and varied where it was poured over and scrutinized at an almost forensic fucking level. The consensus was excitement. It seemed totally natural that two like-minded lads with a mutual taste for shock and awe should team up for the grand guignol-like assault on good taste that is Nemesis.

But the bond goes quite a bit deeper than that. Mark and I are of both shared ethnic stock and ancestral discord. We're displaced modern day Celts from a long bloodline chock-a-block with bludgeonings and beheadings. Our forefathers fought Viking invaders on forgotten shores, losing their women, their land and finally, their minds.

They were The Fraternity Of The Fucked… and we are their proud descendants.

In keeping that spirit alive and ablaze with wanton bloodlust, my Scottish chum (despite the arrival of another Millar heir and him being dry as a 90-year-old nun's snatch in honor of Lent) has nevertheless managed to purge his most putrid cranial pools; the brackish backwaters of the brain where traditional narratives get gang-raped by roid-raging, beer-bellied, gore-soaked gargantuans… to give you sonsabitches yet another magnum opus.

In this book, *The Dave Lizewski Years Volume 3*, Millar and creative cohort John Romita, Jr. have hotwired the elevator of their frayed mental state to plunge you, fair reader, deeper down into the dripping sub-basement of his perfectly pitch-black psychosis. There are no headlamps to light the way down here my lovelies… only the stink of sulfur and suppressed rage. Their off-brand of storytelling is exactly the type of perversely, unprintable shit that A.) I love and B.) Affords a battalion's worth of shrinks beachfront homes and Bel Air addresses. In short, it's a shit-ton of fun.

What you're about to embark on is a true tour de force and the *Kick-Ass* team is in full command of their craft; master illusionists who have perfected the legerdemain of the lewd and vicious, the loathsome and the vile. Blending humor, emotion, sorrow, pain and regret while supercharging the stakes and never forsaking the spirit of what Kick-Ass ultimately is: A kid with a ridiculously outsized dream, who dared to make it a reality… and did.

Gone is the rank teenage ennui of the original and in its place a superheroic dystopia. Dave Lizewski has come to terms with what being a famous public figure is. Larger than life is harder than hell when you're still in high school but growing pains, like a brand new patch of pubes, is par for the course and Dave's willingness to throw himself headlong into shitstorm after shitstorm reconfirms his unbreakable conviction to the ethos of his alter ego, Kick-Ass.

Pushing him ruthlessly along in his journey is the former Red Mist, now rechristened "The Motherfucker." Chris Genovese is no more. The soul-patched nihilist that now inhabits his form thinks nothing of laying waste to an entire suburb for shits and grins. This "Motherfucker" is the sneering embodiment of society's mindless, amoral masochism.

Rounding out the trifecta is that sweet, chocolate-covered little claymore mine formerly known as "Hit-Girl." Ironically, it's young Mindy McCready that provides the most unlikely moral core for our story. Resigned to a quiet life in relative seclusion with her adopted parents, she reluctantly returns to the mask only when all seems lost to once again embrace her god-given gifts as a taker of unholy souls, a death machine in overdrive, a living, breathing, paean to pain.

So, with appetites whetted and palms slicked, sit back and have at it kids. What follows is a nightmarish, nuclear meltdown of a mindfuck, lovingly cooked up in the shared mental meth lab of Mark Millar and John Romita, Jr.

Enjoy… cocksuckers!

Joe Carnahan
Los Angeles,
March 2012

JR/JR
TP
DW

-ONE-

MINDY RECRUITS A SIDEKICK:
Hit me!
Hit me!
C'mon, you little *pussy!* Fight like a *man!*
UNGH!

AAGH!
UNH!
HUNNT!
GAAGH!

Fuck this shit! I'm going home!
What are you talking about?
I'm just sick and tired of coming down here three times a week to have my brains bashed in!
Oh, yeah? How else you gonna learn how to fight? This isn't The Karate Kid, dumb-ass. You don't wax cars for a month and end up with a black belt.
My dad would have had you doing a hundred push-ups for all this whining.
Not if he'd cracked my goddamn ribs, man. I feel like I've gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson.

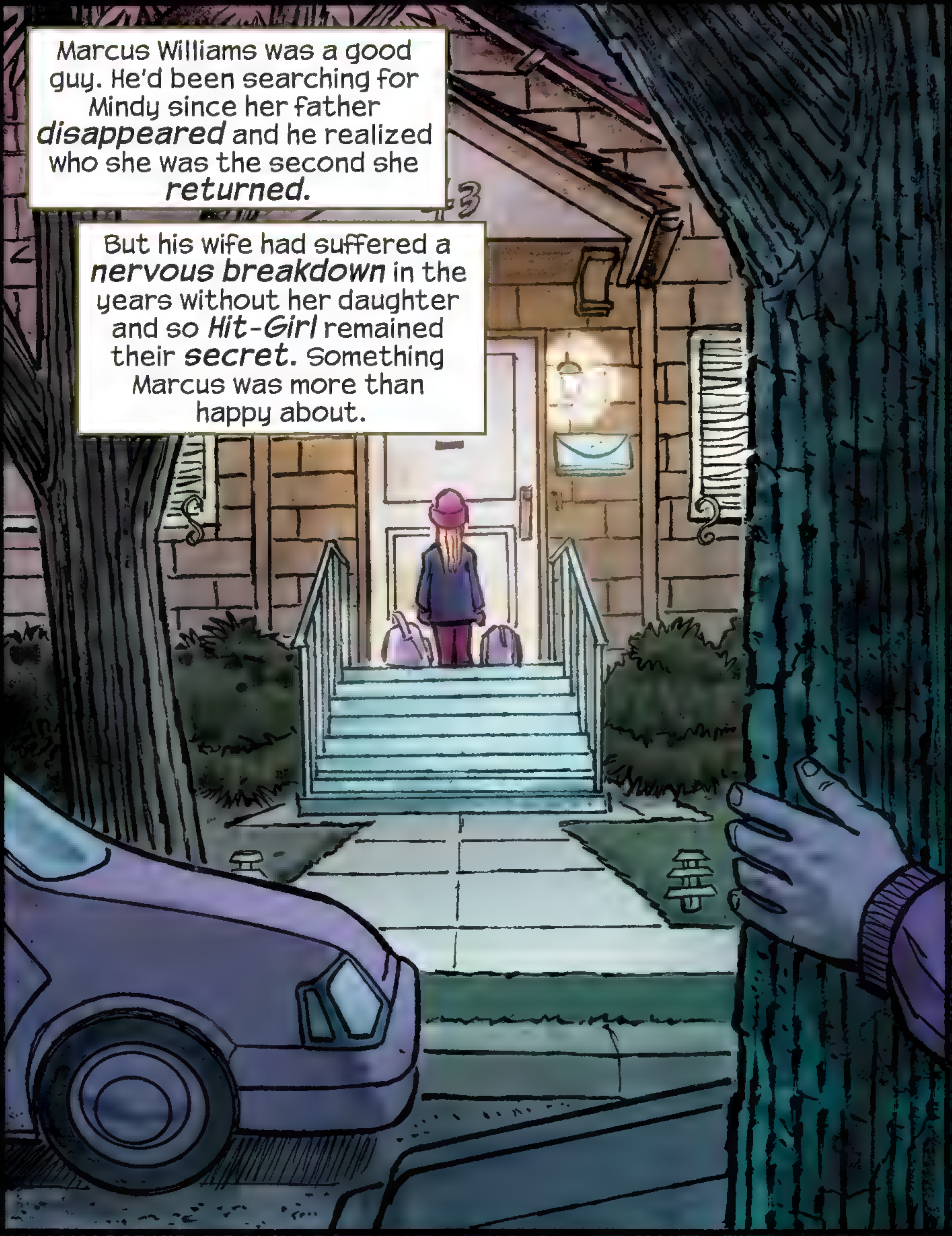
Look, I'm not fucking around here. I'm training you up because I smell potential, but if you'd rather hang around with your *Facebook superheroes...*
No, no. I still want to be a part of all this. The world's first super-team is the next logical step.
So *eat* when I tell you, sleep when I tell you and stop being such a *little bitch.*
Two minute *water break* and then it's time for *group work.* I wanna see how you'd cope against *three grown men* with *severe learning difficulties.*
Are you *shitting* me?
Oh fuck.

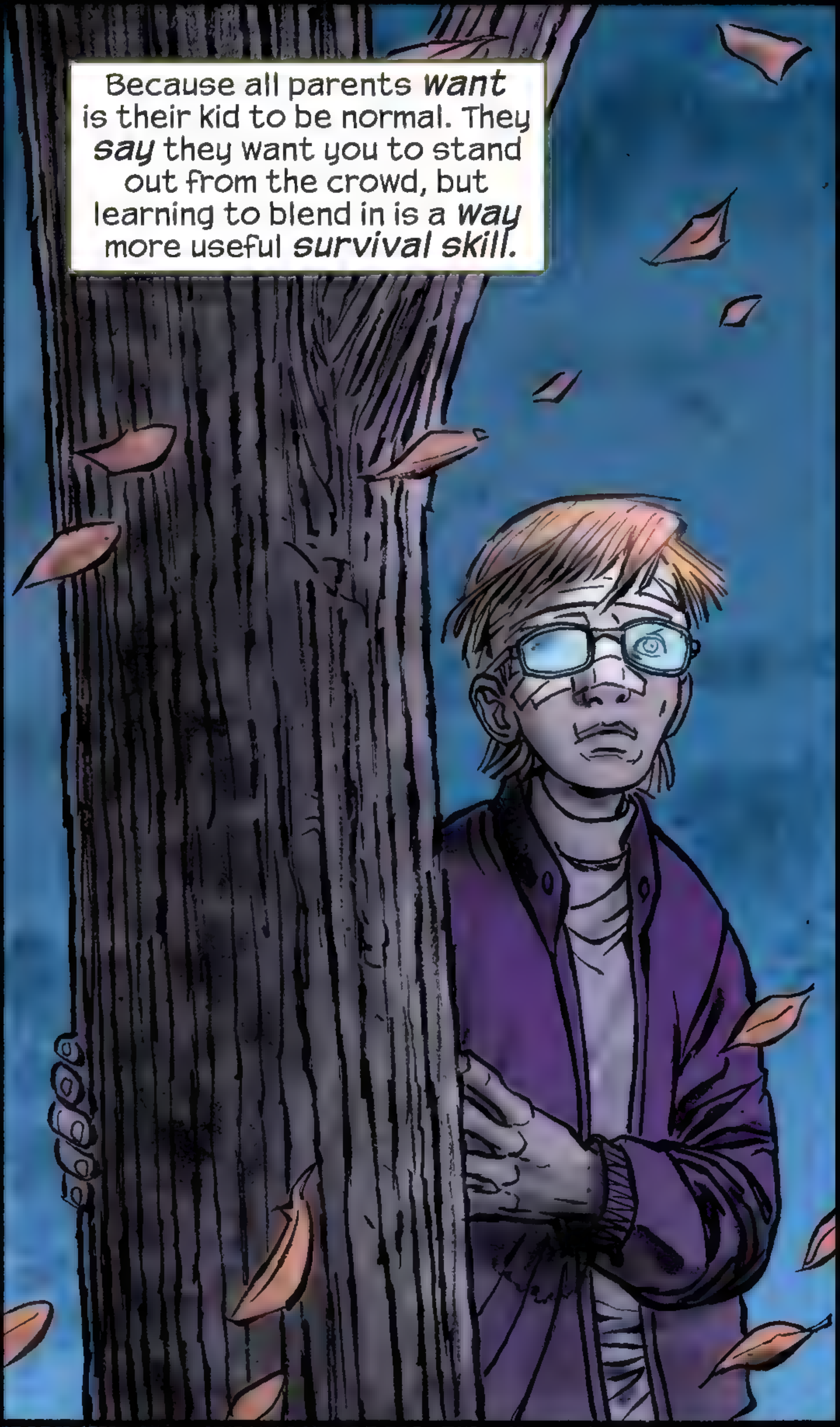
Amateur hour's **over,** Kick-Ass. You ready to go ***pro?***
Yes, sir.
That's more like it...
YMCA
Oh, Mindy.
What are we gonna ***do*** with you?

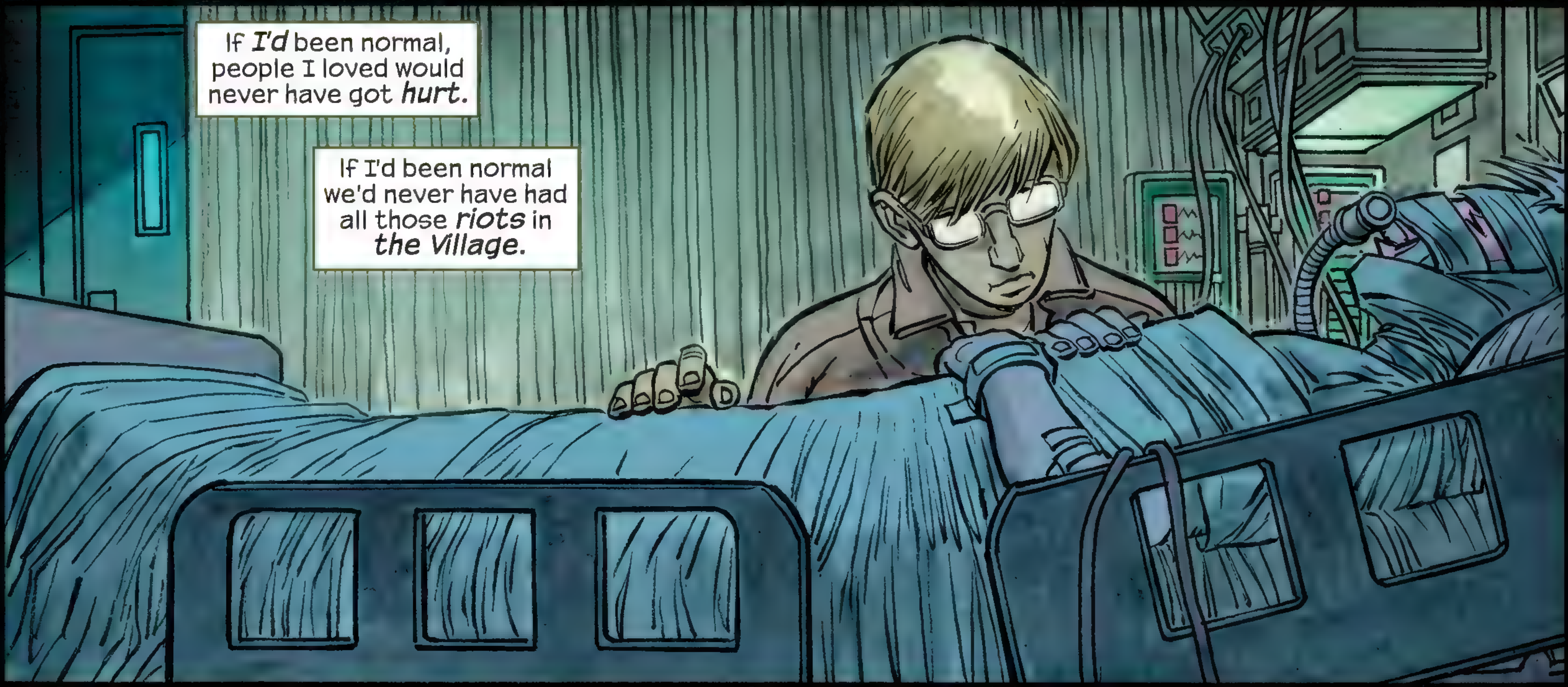
MINDY McCREADY'S BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME.
Hey, sweetheart. Good day at school?
Yeah, but Miss Barnes was off sick so we had Mister Warren teaching science class. Man, he is *such* an old grouch.
Can you believe he put Sean Bailey in detention just for talking to Debbie Foreman?
NYPD
Oh, really? Now how would you know that when you been out training Kick-Ass all day long?
What are you talking about? I haven't seen Kick-Ass in *months.*
PD
Don't *lie* to me, honey. I know *all about* this little super-team you're trying to put together. I'm a *detective,* remember?
Marcus, I swear. I haven't touched a weapon since the day I came home.
Oh yeah?

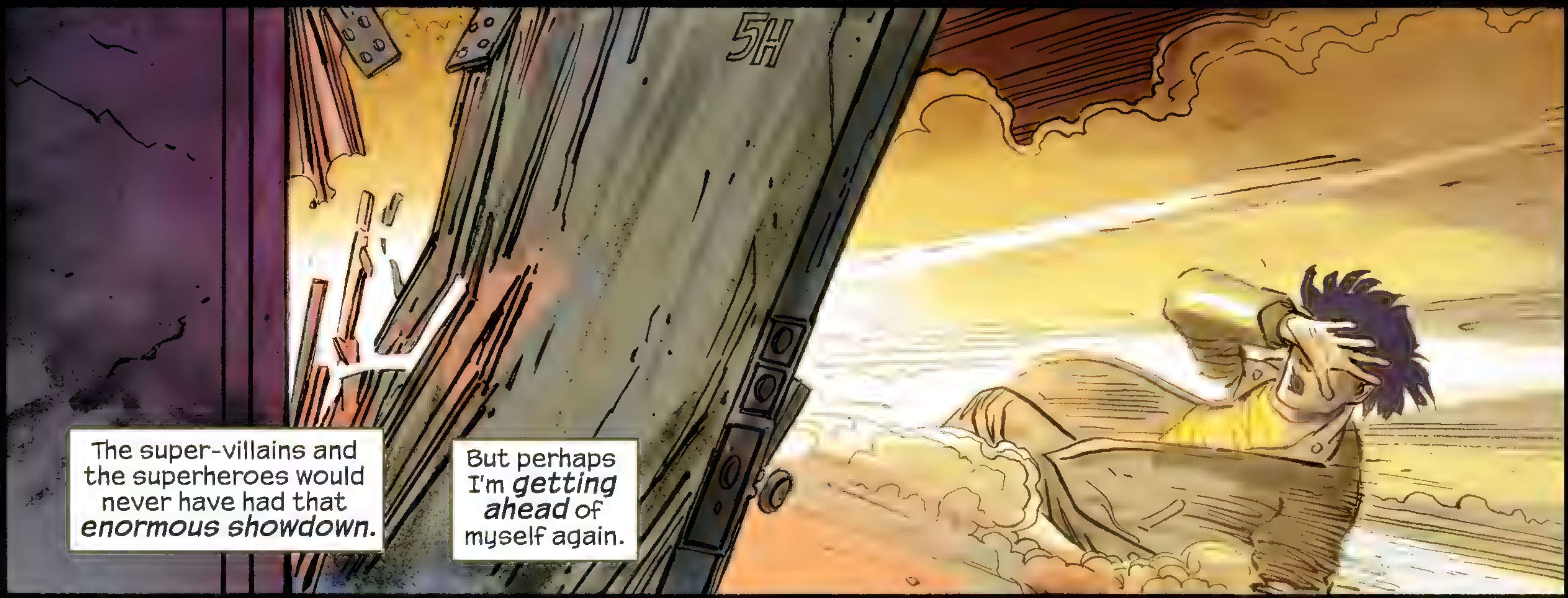
This is what I found in the play room *alone.*
Props for getting an AK-47 in a teddy bear, by the way.
Oh, man.
Grounded?
Big time.
I'm not **angry** with you, Mindy. The way your Daddy raised you was highly unusual so I get why civilian life might take a little time.
I just want you to lose touch with all these online superheroes. I know they mean well, but they're ***crazy,*** sweetheart.
You gonna tell Mom?
NYPD

Of course not. But if this family is going to work I need you to promise: No more *guns,* no more *masks* and no more *secret training.*
I promise.
You coming home pulled your mom *back together* again, Mindy...
...losing you now would just about *destroy* her.


Marcus Williams was a good guy. He'd been searching for Mindy since her father *disappeared* and he realized who she was the second she *returned.*
But his wife had suffered a *nervous breakdown* in the years without her daughter and so *Hit-Girl* remained their *secret.* Something Marcus was more than happy about.


Because all parents *want* is their kid to be normal. They *say* they want you to stand out from the crowd, but learning to blend in is a *way* more useful *survival skill.*


If *I'd* been normal, people I loved would never have got *hurt.*
If I'd been normal we'd never have had all those *riots* in *the Village.*


5H
The super-villains and the superheroes would never have had that *enormous showdown.*
But perhaps I'm *getting ahead* of myself again.

DAVE'S CRAP LIFE:
Poor Dad had just been dumped by that woman he was dating and so we were back to eating *chili* every night.
Chili was the only meal he learned how to cook after Mom died and I swear we ate it seven times a week.
My own love life was kind of sucky too. I joined a prayer group to meet some girl who has literally never spoken to me. Got laughed at in school when I asked a babe to go see *Prince of Persia*...
...grew mildly obsessed with a middle-aged woman in gigantic heels who walked past my window every morning.
But Katie Deauxma was still the object of my desires. Even though I'd *blown* it and she absolutely *hated* me. Even though she blanked me at *every opportunity.*
She was still my Mary Jane. Still my Lois Lane...
...my *Wanda Maximoff* as drawn by *Adam Hughes.*
Of *course* she hates you. Chicks always hate it when you fake being gay to get a look at their dirty pillows.
I know I was *wrong,* Marty, but I also know that I can make this *right.* She just has to give me one last chance.

Whatever, man. You guys see Spider-Man on TV last night? Is it weird I find Aunt May kinda *hot?*
Isn't she like fucking *eighty* or something?
I don't mean *the sequels,* asshole. I mean the first one where she has the heart attack and you see her in a *night dress.*
DON'T WALK
The minute this got big, I read a hundred different articles, psychologists asking why we did it every night. Were we mad? Were we lonely? Were we just obsessed with comic books?
The answer, of course, was a little of all three...
...but I also liked to ask why they *didn't* chase their dreams.
How many *rock stars* just settled for *accountancy?* How many *astronauts* grew up to be *psychologists?*
Other kids were playing *Mafia Wars,* we were *taking down* the real Mafia and no it wasn't normal. It wasn't even close.
But it was *awesome,* man...

...and that's the way life *should* be.
What did you say your name was again?
Doctor Gravity. During the day I'm a physics professor over at Columbia, but I built *the gravity pole* in my spare time for when I'm out *fighting crime.*
7TH AVE
What does it do?
Just hit the button and you can make something *twenty times* its *actual weight.* Flip the reverse and you can *float.*
Seriously?
Are you nuts? It's a baseball bat wrapped in *tinfoil,* man. How could anyone build a *gravity pole?*
I'm actually an *English major,* but that's what I like about the whole real-life superhero thing. It's making a statement and being who you *want* to be.
Oh, right.
OPEN

Diet Snapple, please.
One-fifty.
You done many team-ups before?
Just a couple, but it always feels good being out here with somebody. Way better than just walking around on your own.
There's a couple of guys on my Facebook page talking about forming a team, if you're interested. I don't know how serious they are, but they look pretty hardcore in their *profile pictures*.
Are you kidding me? That's the reason I *started* this shit. All I ever *wanted* was to be in the Justice League.
Yo, Kick-Ass! Man, am I glad to see you...
Oh, no.
Always give them the benefit of the doubt, Doctor.

Anything we can do to **help,** sir?
Yeah. Some motherfucker just jacked my wallet and...
Shit!
Fuck you, you little punk!
UNGK!

HGGN!
HNNT!
GNNK!
GAKK!
Oh man! You want me to *do* anything?
It's okay. I'm actually getting pretty good at this.

What the hell?
That's my cousin, motherfucker!
C'mon! We better get out of here!
NOW!
UNGH!

Oh shit! Should we call the cops?
We can't! I promised them I wouldn't for the rest of the week!
Just meet me in McDonalds on West 25th!
Holy *fuck!* This is *amazing!*
These were the months when Red Mist was still traveling in Eastern Europe, out of his face on drugs and collecting all his little Twitter bastards for the shit that was to come.

Things were still good in New York City. Hit-Girl and I had taken down a *gang-lord,* for God's sake. Two little kids against the *Cosa fucking Nostra...*
...my mind was reeling with what a *team* might accomplish.
I'm sitting behind the bar, but nobody's here yet. You sure you don't want to come along and keep me company at this thing?
I can't join a super-team now, Kick-Ass. I'm not even supposed to be TALKING to you anymore.
But look what we've ACHIEVED, Mindy. You can't just walk away. This is what you always WANTED. You HAVE to sign up.
I can't. You don't understand...
...I made a promise and I have to KEEP it. Now please stop texting. I'm standing here with my Mom.
Everything okay, Mindy?
Everything's *fine,* Mom.

Good.
Because Debbie's getting her *birthday cake* and you don't want to miss the *photos.*
Man, it's eight already. I'm going to feel pretty stupid if they were making all this up...
759
Shit!

What the *fuck?*
What the hell is *going on?*
Pretty cool, huh?
This is how the ***beer*** gets delivered, but it's a good way of keeping out any ***uninvited guests.***
Dude, you have an ***underground headquarters.*** This is insane. It's like the fucking ***bat-cave.***
You ready to meet the rest of the guys?
Oh my God.

This is the *greatest thing* I have ever *seen*.

Welcome to *Justice Forever*.

-TWO-

QUEENS, NEW YORK:
GRISTEDES
5.9
FDA
Okay, the guy in the store said they don't like dogs so I need you to stay out here and keep an eye on him, Tommy.
No problem, Dad.
Now this little dog cost a lot of money. We go home without him we're in *big trouble* so I don't want him *running away*. You *understand?*
What if he needs to *pee?*
Peeing's *fine.* Just keep him away from *traffic* and don't let *anyone* take him *walkies.* I don't want bad guys stealing our *pooch.* You *hear* me?
They won't.
Good boy.
I'll be two minutes.

Damn dog cost as much as my first car. I tried telling her they're free at *the pound,* but *no.* She wanted a *Bichon Frise...*
Oh, and a bag of Skittles for *the little guy,* huh?
EXIT
THANK
COMET
SIRLOIN
$8.99
"Just like that?"

That was seven and a half years ago, Kick-Ass. We tried the cops, we tried the newspapers, we even set up a thing on the internet for people to help us...
...but we got nothing. We never saw our little boy again. I came up with the name "Remembering Tommy" and we're doing this three nights a week now.
Colonel Stars and Lieutenant Stripes said they read about us online. They thought we might like to join this super-hero team they're putting together.
Oh, man. That's awful. I am so sorry.
Maybe this would be a good time for the rest of you guys to introduce yourselves...
I became Night-Bitch after my sister got murdered and found in a dumpster. It doesn't bring her back, but it makes me feel like I'm doing something positive.
I'm just a police officer who got tired of the system. Insect-Man lets me do the stuff I can't do in my day job.
I became Battle-Guy after my parents got shot on their way home from the opera.
Son of a bitch didn't just kill them. He made me watch while he cooked them and ate them.
I can still hear him laughing about mom's big ass. Did I tell you he spent all Pad's credit cards on pay-per-view porn?
You told us, man. What a fucked-up asshole! I only hope we get a chance to say hello to him some day.
Oh my God.
What's up?
Are you Marty Eisenberg?

Oh shit.
I *knew* it! I *knew* I recognized that voice!
I-I-I don't know what you're *talking* about!
It's *me,* you asshole! *Dave Lizewski! Look!*
Fuck!
Why are you dressed like Kick-Ass?
Because I *am* Kick-Ass! I've been doing this over a *year,* dude...since Dad's been working *nights!*
You two *know* each other?

Are you crazy? We've been friends since we were *five!* What's all this bullshit about your *parents* getting killed? I saw your Mom at the *grocery store* this morning!
What?
Thanks a *lot,* Dave.
Is this true?
Oh, Jesus. How do I say this without coming off like a *total retard?*
When I found you guys online you were swapping all these *awesome stories.* I mean, you and the Lieutenant are a couple of *ex-Mafia guys,* for God's sake...
I didn't think you'd let me *join* unless I was cool too.
Don't be *ridiculous.* You signed up for this team to look after *the neighborhood,* Battle-Guy. That's the only thing that matters here.
We protect the people when the system *fails.* Catch the guys the cops let *get away.*
That's what all the *computers* are for: To track down *miscarriages of justice.* That's what all these *clippings* are on the wall: Punks we need to *pay a little visit.*

I thought this could be our *trophy room.* Souvenirs from our adventures like Superman has in his *ice fortress* and Batman has in his *Batcave.*
I know it isn't much, but this is only *the beginning.* All we need are a few good men and we could really *make a difference* out there. What do you *think?*
Hell, yeah. Sign me up.
Kick-Ass, it would be an *honor.* Now let's get *the coffee* on and figure out our first *big mission.*
This is how the Justice League would have been in *real-life:* A bunch of guys with *made-up names* standing around in *home-stitched costumes...*
...learning secret handshakes, swapping *alter egos,* swearing oaths by *candlelight* and drawing up their *battle plans.*

The comic-book heroes all have billion-dollar bases and headquarters on the moon, but this is the *reality* of the situation...
...stenciling your name on the back of your *chair.* Painting a logo in the middle of the *meeting table.* Collecting cash for *coffee and snacks.*
The only thing cooler than being in a band was New York City's one and only *super-group.* We were the real-life version of everything we ever *loved* and it was such a fucking *buzz.*
You wearing your *costume?*
You bet your ass I'm wearing my costume.
It's pretty *hot* today, huh?
Yeah, but it's *worth* it. Just the idea that *nobody knows.*
Man, even I can't believe it sometimes. This is like finding out you've always been *Will Smith* or something. Just a shame you weren't *the first.*
What are you *talking* about?
CAFETERIA
CAFETERIA
Wasn't *Red Mist* the first real-life super?
The *fuck* he was! I was *months* ahead of that asshole! Besides, he ran away and became a villain so he isn't even in *contention.*

CAFETERIA
UNFF!
What the hell?
HOME
Watch where you're *going,* dick-breath!

CAFETER
Who the hell is *that?*
Ignore him. He's just one of those Goth pricks who went on Twitter last night and signed up for Red Mist's *Super-Villain Army.*
The what?
Didn't you hear? It's totally pathetic. He said they had to *stay clean* 'til his big return and then they're gonna trash *the city* together.
Are you serious?
Totally. But how lame is *that?* Super-villains who aren't allowed to commit a *crime.*
It's just a *fashion-thing,* dude. They'll never do anything.
They're just a bunch of ass-hats in make-up who wanna be *Heath Ledger.*

Mindy? Are you *listening* to me?
Of *course* I'm listening. Rachel and Finn split up again and the Glee Club tie sectionals with *the Warblers.* Glee episode nine, season two.
Keep talking.
Poor Hit-Girl.
She'd been planning to lead a super-team since she was *five years old,* but now her stepfather had banned her from even *texting* us.
My own Dad was giving me a ton of shit too, worried why I kept falling asleep during *dinner* every night...
Are you sure you aren't sneaking out when I go to work? Mrs. Neipert said she heard you at 4 a.m. last night.
It's nothing, Pops. I'm just working hard at *school.*
Mrs Neipert's *crazy,* Dad. Remember the time she tried to teach her dog *Spanish?*
You aren't doing *drugs,* are you?
Oh, man...
I know, I know. But I have to *ask.*

You're my *best little buddy* and it scares *the hell* out of me seeing you get this big. You promise you aren't doing something that would *disappoint me?*
Of course not.
I'm *sorry,* kiddo. You're a good boy. I *know* you wouldn't do anything *stupid...*
ONE HOUR LATER:
JUSTICE FOREVER!

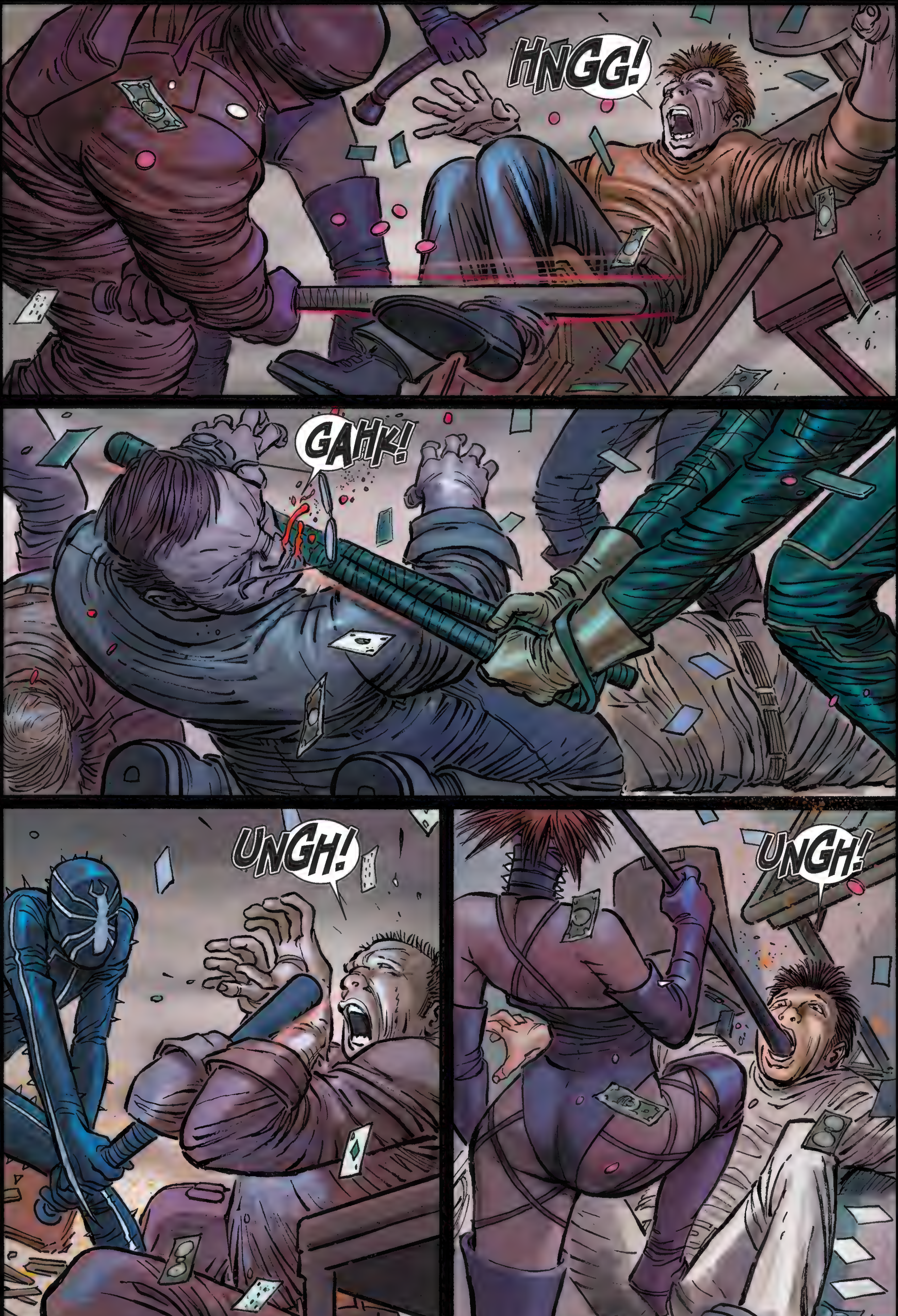
Well, I'm glad you got *that* out of your system. What are we doing up here *anyway,* dude? I thought they said to meet them on *the corner.*
No way. There's too many *people* down there. You'll be *posing* for *pictures* all night if they see you in costume.
Man, how fucking *bad-ass* is *Colonel Stars?* He's like *old Bruce Wayne* from *Batman Beyond.*
Yeah, especially with *the dog* and everything. I still can't believe we've got a couple of ex-Mafia guys on the team. How do you go from *that* to being a *superhero?*
Didn't you hear? They're *born-again Christians.* One day they just found the Lord and *turned their backs* on all that Mafia shit.
Now they use their skills to fight *the bad guys* and make up for all the *evil stuff* they used to do. How awesome is *that?*
I just hope they're *fit enough* for all these missions. Did you hear The Colonel *coughing* last night? Do you really think they can *handle* this?
I guess we're about to *find out.*

Good to see you, gentlemen. You ready to crack some heads?
Where's the rest of the team?
Doctor Gravity had an exam in the morning and "Remembering Tommy" couldn't get away from work.
They run a dried fruit business upstate and something went wrong with a big order.
Six of us should be fine. We're all well-prepared.
How did you say this guy made his money, sir? Was it prostitution?
That's right. He's had girls as young as sixteen working from this place. He ships them in from little villages and the cops just turn a blind eye.
DELIVERIES YUM YUM
What makes you think he'll still be around at 1 a.m.?
Because Thursday night is card-night, Kick-Ass. The same six gangsters every week.
What?

Are you *serious?*
Take it easy, kid. I ate punks like this for *breakfast* back when I was working for the mob. *They're* the ones who should be messing their pants.
Who the Fuck is *that?*
Oh, and boys...I don't mean to be a prude, but do you think we could tone *the language* down a little? I don't think cursing sets a very good *example.*
Wait. I just *zoned out* for a second. Did you say we're up against *six gangsters* in here?
Good evening, young man. I'd like a word with *Jimmy Kim,* if you don't mind.

What the *fuck?* Get your ass *outta* here before I tear your *head* off, you old *prick!*
Again with the *f-bombs!* What *is* it with young people these days?
UNGH!
Jesus!
Lieutenant, I want you *right behind me!* Everybody else, *take out the strays!*

Shit! We're being *raided!*
GUHH!
AGH!


HNGG!
GAHK!
UNGH!
UNGH!

Oh my God. Who the hell *are* you people?
Neighborhood watch!
SOFIA! GET IN HERE, GIRL!

Fuck! You've *gotta* be *kidding* me...
Do we *look* like guys with a sense of humor?

It's time we had a little *talk,* Mister Kim.

- THREE -

JIMMY KIM'S RESTAURANT:
P-please! You want money there's *fifty fucking grand* on that table! J-Just take what you *want* and leave us *alone!*
You think you can *buy* us, Jimmy? You think you can bribe us with your little pieces of *paper?*
We didn't come here to *steal* from you, scumbag. We came here to send a message to all the *other* parasites in the neighborhood.
J-Jesus, man. I got a *heart-condition.* I can't get *over-excited*...
So tell us where *the girls* are locked up.
Upstairs in the *apartments.* M-My little brother's on the till...
...go easy on him, man! He's a college kid!
Kick-Ass?
I'm on it.

Holy shit!
Please! I don't have any weapons!
Even better.
UNGH!
HGGN!

GAAGH!
C'mon! We're getting you two *out* of here! I know we look weird, but we're here to *help.*
Sorry. Our English is not good. We don't understand.
It doesn't matter. There's a woman outside who can tell you everything. She works for a *support group* and she's taking you to a *safe-house.*
But we can't leave here! We don't have any money!
How much did they have on that table?
Fifty grand.
You do now.

Come on! You don't have much time!
23" ST
Thank you.
INSIDE:
So let me get this straight: You bring these girls from South Korea and promise them work in the *restaurant*, right?
Then you get them here and beat them up and force them to work as *prostitutes*?
I heard you like to break them in *yourself*, Jimmy. Is that *true*?
JESUS CHRIST! MY FUCKING BALLS...

Well, not anymore.
You all got off *light* tonight. But I hear any more stories about this place and we're coming back to burn it down. You hear me?
C'mon, Sofia. Chow-time's over.
Oh my God. That was amazing.
Nice work, team.
I couldn't believe it when you pulled *a gun* on that guy. Were you really going to *shoot* him?
I'll let you in on a little secret, kid...

...the guns are empty. We carry them for show.
What?
But the *bad guys* don't need to know that.
Awesome.
The Colonel was the most inspiring guy I ever met.
He taught me that being a superhero wasn't all street-brawls and chasing drug-dealers.
Of course, kicking the shit out of people was still an important part of the job, but sometimes it was as simple as taking blankets to the homeless or volunteering at a local hospice....
SOUP & BEDDING

...leafleting for missing persons or even just *giving blood* from time to time.
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
25th Street
There wasn't a lot of crime most nights and even if there was it usually happened miles away.
Comp Center
Don't believe all that Batman shit where he *just happens* to be swinging past as a villain robs a bank. The reality of being a superhero is lots and lots of *street patrols...*
...but that didn't stop people begging to *join us.*
Pretty soon we had the Long Island Rocket-Man on our books (with a jet-pack made of balsa wood).
The All-Seeing Eye (who couldn't stay out of the newspapers).

A girl in Chelsea called *Moon-Bird* who carried a taser and a can of mace, making sure drunk girls got home every night...
...and a social activist called The Enforcer who worked mainly on the transit system.
After a month, Justice Forever was ***twelve men strong*** and we got rounds of applause just for walking down the street.
No two nights were ever the same. People ***filmed*** us wherever we went.
It seemed kinda shitty not to get *Todd* involved *too...*
What the hell, man? You can't fight crime in ***that.***

What are you talking about? It's fucking *bad-ass.*
Dude, you look like you're marching for *same-sex marriages.* Those trunks are so tight I can make out individual *pubic hairs.*
I'm really not sure about these names you've got here *either,* Todd...
...Whup-Ass? Kick-Ass *Man? Doctor* Kick-Ass Man? They all seem a little, I dunno... *derivative.*
Yeah, you can't just copy *Dave's* name, dude. There's *rules* when it comes to this shit.
Wait a second, wait a second. I think I *got* it...
...how about *"Ass-Kicker"?*
But Hit-Girl was the one we *really* wanted...
Meeting tonight at *midnight,* Mindy. You coming?
Would you stop *asking* me to come to your stupid *club?* You *know* I'm not allowed.
What are you *talking* about? You're a little freakin' *ninja,* man. Just wait until your *folks* are asleep and sneak out the window.
You don't understand. I made a promise I wouldn't get *involved* and I have to *honor* that promise. My Mom finds out what I used to do and it could put her in the *hospital,* asshole.
261
263

Now get the Hell away from me, huh?
Is there a problem here, Mindy?
Shit! I need to go!
Mindy! Wait!
NYPD
In the car, please, honey.
Dude, quit arguing with your twelve-year old girlfriend. You look like a fucking ultra-pedo.

I can't remember exactly what I planned to do before that night's patrol. Probably jerk-off to those pictures Katie had on her Facebook page where she went to a party as a *slutty pirate.*
Florida 2009 was good if I wanted any swimsuit stuff, but *Captain Jack's Halloween* was probably the one I was using most at that time.
I'm sorry, but these are the risks you take when you confirm me as a *friend.*
Dad? You still home?
I thought you were doing a *double-shift* tonight, Pops?
Dad? Is that *you?*

Oh fuck!
Is this what you've been up to while I'm out working nights? Dressing-up and fighting people?
What were you doing in my room? You shouldn't have been going through my stuff!
I was looking for drugs coz I'm worried about you! But now I know why you've been sleeping in school!
This isn't how it looks! All I did was make the costume...
Don't lie to me! I found everything... the sticks, the boots, all the little newspaper clippings you've been hiding in your graphic novels!
Jesus, Dave! Drugs would have been better. This is perverted! What kind of people are you involved with here?
Super-heroes.
What?

We're *superheroes*, Dad. We wear *costumes* under our clothes and we risk our lives for *strangers.*
I'm *proud* of what I do out there! I don't wear the mask because I'm *ashamed!*
Oh my God. You've lost your mind...
Why? Because I don't sit at home every night watching *bullshit TV?* You think I want to end up like *you?*
7H
What's *that* supposed to mean?
What do you *think* it means?
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING! I'M NOT FINISHED TALKING!
Really? Because I'm *totally* done.

Shit.
7H
JUSTICE FOREVER HEADQUARTERS:
Yeah, I *know* it looks like a piece of old garden furniture. That's why I built the new top for it, smart-ass.
JASON'S
Now let's just hope I've cut it right. I don't want these *edges* overlapping...
JUSTICE FOREVER
There. What do you *think,* Sofia? You figure the guys will *like* it?

Sofia?
Sorry, man.
Dog's dead.
CCCP
What the Hell?

Get out of here, you crazy bitch! Get out or I'll drop you where you goddamn stand!
No, you fucking won't...
UNGH!
...superheroes don't do shit like that. Right, boss?

That's right, sweetheart. Bullets in the head are the preserve of the *super-villains.*
I remember you from the *old days,* don't I? You used to be Sal Bertolinni, didn't you?
I think you and your brother did some jobs for my dad back before you got into all that *born-again* crap.
Is this how you thought you'd *die,* Sal? Dressed like an *idiot* and surrounded by *comic-book merchandise?*
Wh-Who *are* you?
Well, I used to be called *Red Mist* and I'm here to send a message to the assholes who killed my *father.*
I had a plan to travel the world and learn what I needed to fuck them up. But then I realized I could just *pay* for someone to fight my battles...

...this is *Mother Russia* and she used to be a bodyguard for *Vladimir Putin.*
CCCP
You want me to *finish* him?
CCCP
Not yet. I want to *trash* the place first.
I wanna fuck up all his *stupid shit!*
Was this where you were gonna put your little *souvenirs,* Sal? Were *these* the shelves your *trophies* were gonna go on?

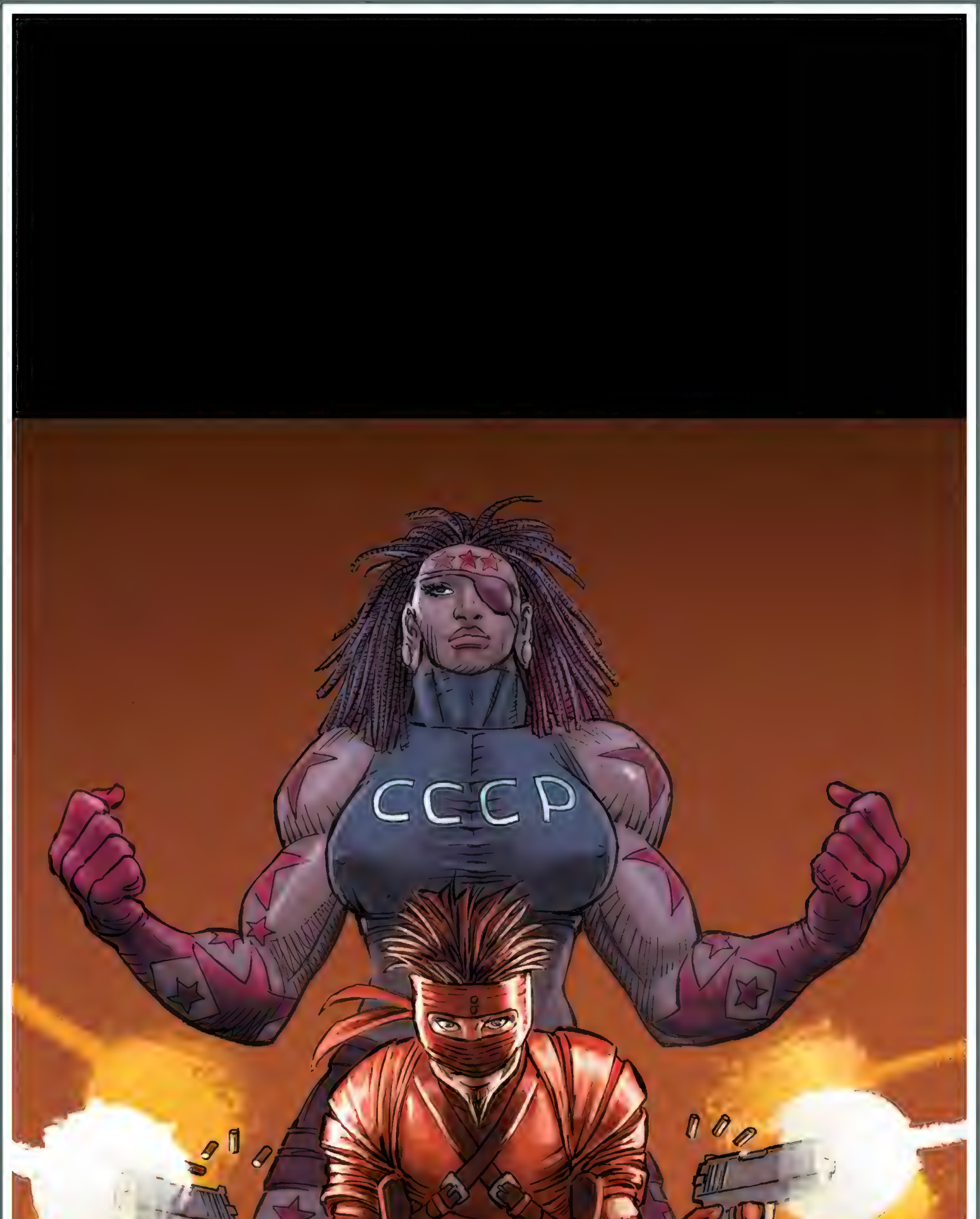
What *age* are you, dude? This is *pathetic!*
UNH!
You still want me to write *Red Mist* on the wall?
No, Red Mist was the *old* me. The asshole who liked to dress up like a superhero and spend all his money on *variant covers.*
I want my *super-villain name* up there.
What about this old prick?
CCC
I'm *not sure* yet...
...let's think of something *funny.*

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER:
RED MIST IS DEAD
LO
MO

LONG LIVE THE MOTHER FUCKER
Jesus Christ.
Just get these guys outta here, huh?

MINDY'S HOUSE:
43
AMATEUR SUPERHERO FOUND BUTCHERED IN BASEMENT
AMATEUR SUPERHERO FOUND BUTCHERED IN BASEMENT
AMATEUR SUPERHERO FOUND BUTCHERED IN BASEMENT

-FOUR-


CCCP
JR JR + TP DW

Hit-Girl's Diary (age 12):
Monday I went for RIDING LESSONS:
WHITEFL STABLE
OFFIC
Tuesday I went to see a kids cartoon that was VERY FORMULAIC and COMPLETELY UNINSPIRED:
Wednesday two girls from school came over, but they never include me in their Justin Bieber and Taylor Lautner-centric chit-chat:
I just mess around on my COMPUTER while they WHISPER and play with my TOYS.
Thursday things got INTERESTING again:
BREAKING NEWS
Mindy, what are you *doing?*
It's the moment we've been *waiting for,* Marcus: Red Mist is back in town.

We need to hunt this fucker *down* and make him wish his dad had finished on his *mother's tits.*
We need to hit him *hard* and *fast* and send a *message* to these *cocksuckers* that New York's superheroes are not to be *fucked with.*
Honey, I know your dad used to let you watch all those action movies and you think that kind of talk is *normal.*
But I don't want you *using* those words anymore...and you are absolutely *forbidden* from being Hit-Girl again.
They cut a guy's *head off,* for God's sake. *Who else* is going to stop them? Kick-Ass? *The rest* of those pussies he hangs around with?
Jeez, Mindy. You're a twelve-year-old *child.* What makes you think this is *your responsibility?*
The cops are handling this and you've got *homework* to do. Now switch off the news and go to your room. You know Mom gets *upset* when there's bad stuff on TV.
Now.

Fine.
Oh, Daddy. Why did you teach me to be so damn *obedient?*

JUSTICE FOREVER GETS A TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS:
Your Dad still pissed at you?
Yeah, we're both big sulkers so all we've been doing is walking around the apartment in total silence.
I still can't believe he found your *costume.*
I can't believe what an *asshole* he's being. I'm practically *an adult,* man. If I want to be a superhero there's nothing he can do about it.
TRIPL
CROWN
DINER
He's just *worried* about you, dude. This is dangerous shit we're involved in here. My mom wouldn't let me out *the house* if she knew what we were doing.
Your pals are through the back, boys. Just try not to disturb the other *customers,* huh?
TAKE OUT
Hey, guys. We're signing a sympathy card for The Lieutenant here. You want to go five bucks each so we can send flowers from the team?
Absolutely.
Sympathy
Any word how he's doing? I dropped him a couple of texts, but I didn't hear anything back.

We spoke to him last night and he could hardly talk. He said thanks for the messages and stuff, but he's got some family things he needs to do for *the funeral* tomorrow.
Poor guy. Imagine your brother getting *murdered* like that. He must be a *total mess.*
Did you hear what Red Mist's *calling* himself now? He changed his Twitter page to *The Mother-Fucker.* It's *pathetic.*
Sounds about right to me.
So what do we *do* about these assholes? Should we organize a fight and kick their asses? A lot of the guys online said they're there if we *need* them.
Don't be ridiculous. This isn't the playground. I'm not going to have some idiotic *rumble* in *Central Park.*
We didn't start this thing to form a *gang,* Doctor. We're supposed to be *helping* people.
Shannon's right. We need to leave this to the cops and just keep doing what we *always* do.
Well, we better start walking in *pairs,* man...
...'cause the villains said this is only *the beginning.*

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN:
Is *this* where she lives?
It's hard to say. All these fucking houses look the same.
Can anyone read *the numbers?* I forgot to put my *contacts* in.
Boss, check it out: Kick-Ass just tweeted that he beat the shit out of you *last time* and he's looking forward to doing it *again.*
What the Hell?
He's a *cocky* little prick, isn't he?
Well, let's see how much he's laughing once we've messed up his *girlfriend.*
Hey! You guys know where *Katie Deauxma* lives?
Sure we do, Spider-Man. Katie's Mom and Dad live in that big house *over there!*

A pleasure to finally *meet* you, Miss Deauxma. You're *prettier* than your online pictures.
GET UPSTAIRS! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
Oh my God!
Oh, yeah. Because dads are *bullet-proof.*
We're here to send a message to your *boyfriend,* Katie! Let Kick-Ass know he should never have *pissed* on *my lawn!*
What are you *talking* about? I don't even *know* Kick-Ass!

Don't *lie* to me, bitch! He told us ***everything*** when we were frying his fucking balls...
Please! You've got the wrong person! You're mistaking me for somebody else!
Would you just shut the hell up and stop insulting my ***intelligence,*** please?
Baseball bat.
This is what happens when you try to be ***Lois Lane.***

OUTSIDE:
Cops are coming. What do we do *now?*
STOP
Leave it to Mother Russia. Its *time* she got to stretch her legs a little...
CCCP
How much is she costing us again?
Fifty grand a week plus expenses.
What the *fuck?*
She's *packing!* Get your ass *down!*

BRAKKA

What the hell's going on? Any eyes on *the shooter?*
I got nothing. Just watch your ass.
Are they breathing?
I dunno. Where the hell she *disappear* to?
NICKY!
AAAAGGH!

Holy shit! You see anything?
NYPD
NYPD
Nothing. Just stay down, man. I think she's still in the car...
MOTHER-FUCK...!
CHRIST! MY LEGS!
Officer down! Officer down! Where the hell are you people?
POLICE
NY :23

C'mon! We need to get out of here before they send more cops!
Tell your boyfriend there's a war on, Katie!
Shit! Where did you say you got this woman?
She used to run security for the Russian Prime Minister.
NYPD
Why the hell did he let her go?
Because one night she got drunk and slaughtered the rest of the bodyguards. I heard they accused her of cheating at cards.
Wow! Can you imagine what she's gonna do to Hit-Girl?
And Kick-Ass. Don't forget that skinny fuck...
...I hold them both responsible for killing my old man.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, ONE HOUR LATER:
Wow! What a friggin' *mess!*
NYPD
Where the hell did they *go?* How can a gang just *disappear?*
All they have to do is take off their *masks,* Tom. Who's going to recognize them once they're back in their *street-clothes?*
Hospital's saying six *dead* and eleven *injured.* What the hell is *going on* out there?
I'll tell you what's going on: us closing these goddamn freaks *down.*
The Feds have traced the IP addresses from all their Facebook and Twitter accounts. We've got *five hundred men* hitting these nuts all at the *same time.*
125117
DETAIN LIST
Why's Kick-Ass on the list? That crew he's running with isn't a part of this shit.
His old best friend was a superhero too, and now he's decided he's the *Green Goblin.*
Just get out there and *nail* these punks, huh? I want everyone with *tights* in their closet in here for *questioning.*

A lot of people said the cops were too heavy-handed that night, but you've got to put it into context.
NY
PD
NYPD
The TV had been flashing images of police in *bodybags* every two minutes. Tensions were *obviously* going to be runnig high.
They didn't mind our *real-life superhero* bullshit as long as we were only *picking litter up* or helping *old ladies* across the street.
But suddenly it was over. Suddenly, we'd crossed a line and the good times were gone forever.
POLIC
Dude, what the *fuck?*
Just get in the goddamn car, you asshole!
NYPD
Dad had *warned me* this was going to happen. This is exactly what he *said* was coming next...

...and as they drew up outside with a *warrant* for my *arrest* he must have been feeling pretty damn *vindicated.*
POLICE
NYPD
NYPD
NYPD
POLICE
7H
Oh, Dave. What have you *done,* son?

THE BOYS VISIT KATIE IN HOSPITAL:
This is all my fault, guys. They targeted *her* to get to *me.* This is all my fucking fault. can you believe that?
C'mon, man. You don't know that. How could he know your *secret identity?*
They were *torturing* me, dude. I could have said *anything.*
Why else would they have done this? *Think* about it: Why else would they have specifically gone for *Katie?*
A *lot* of people got hurt back there. It could have been a *coincidence.*
Oh shit.

Red Mist (cell)
Forget the bitch. It's your OLD MAN you should be worried about, you prick! XX
Oh no.
233
Deauxmark
Dave, what's wrong?
Come back, man!
What the *hell?* I thought I said *no visitors* up here!

OUTSIDE DAVE'S APARTMENT:
Don't forget his computer, boys. We need anything that might have names and addresses.
Put the sticks in the trunk with his costume, huh?
Jimmy Lizewski's Kick-Ass?
So he says.
The cops showed up and he just handed himself in.
Dave! Stop! We can't keep up!
Watch your head, please, sir.
DAD! NO! DON'T DO THIS!
Take it easy, kid! You can't get any *closer!*
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S DOING THIS TO PROTECT ME!
NYPD
POLICE

DAD!!
N

-FIVE-

RIKERS ISLAND:
HAZEN ST
AVENUE OF THE BOLDEST
CITY OF NEW YORK
CORRECTION DEPARTMENT
RIKERS ISLAND
HOME OF NEW YORK'S BOLDEST
DON'T WALK
What the hell were you *thinking?*
Shouldn't I be the one saying that?
I can't believe you *lied* to them. This is insane.
I'm not going to stand back and watch my son go to jail.
D.O.C.
Dad, *please.* Just tell them *the truth.* Do you realize what they'll do to you if you keep saying you're Kick-Ass?
I've spoken to my attorney, Dave. They can't do a *thing.* You haven't committed an actual crime so they have to release me inside forty-eight hours.

I'm not talking about *the cops,* Dad. Please. For God's sake...
The villains know who I *am* now. They put Katie in the hospital and they aren't going to stop until we're all *dead.*
Dave, *listen* to me. Listen to what I'm *saying* because this is very, very important...
We can *deal* with this. The police are out there right now and their top priority is taking this gang down.
They've murdered almost thirty people. Do you really think the cops are going to let that carry on?
CORRECTION DEPARTMENT CITY OF NEW YORK
DOC
Now I want you to stay at Marty's house 'til this all gets straightened out. I don't want you back at our place either and you can't go into *school* for a little while.

I can't believe I had you put in jail...
It doesn't matter, son. What's done is done. You just have to promise this is all going to *stop.*
I don't know why you got *mixed up* with these people, but I need you to assure me that you're never going to dress up in those stupid clothes *again.*
I promise.
Oh, God. I'm *sorry,* Dad. I'm so, so *sorry* for getting you locked up in this horrible place.
Hey, c'mon. Take it easy. I'm a big, tough guy. I can handle these goons...
...everything's going to be *fine.*

THE MOTHER-FUCKER'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS:
000330 PRODUCE
Your fish looks very sick.
I think your men have put it in the wrong kind of water. It shouldn't be lying at the bottom of the tank like that.
Oh shit. You're *right.* Luigi, what the hell's going on with the shark down here? I thought you said you knew what you were doing.
It's fine. They're supposed to lie at the bottom of the tank. It's just settling into a new environment.
Man, if you're screwing me here I'm going to get really pissed. You said we'd be ready days ago and we haven't even got a *men's room* yet.
I don't want to see you throwing *money* away, Chris. I'm just shopping around for a better deal.
Why the fuck should *you* care how much money I'm spending? I get enough of that shit from *mom.*
Detective Gigante on the phone for you, Mother-Fucker.
Uncle Vic? Man, that's *awesome.* I haven't spoken to him since I got back.

You need to come over and see my new place, Uncle Vic. We're building all these crazy **death-traps** and shit.
I'm going to make it look like a super-villain's lair from a **silver-age comic book.** This is where we're going to be running **the city** from soon.
THE POLICE STATION:
Chris, this needs to stop. I can turn a blind eye when it's killing for business, but you've gone over the edge, kid.
Your father's old friends are **very concerned.** They're asking me to **bring you in.**
Of course they're concerned. I'm their **evolutionary replacement.**
There won't be room for any old-school gangsters at the top table when there's a **super-villain** running this city.
Chris, you're out of your mind and you need to see a **doctor.**
I'm calling to say you're **on your own** after this. You're not going to be getting any more **special treatment.**
Fine.
Whatever.

Unbelievable: First Kick-Ass' stupid dad takes the rap and goes to friggin' jail for him and now *Uncle Vic's* being a pain in the ass. What the hell is *going on* out there?
Actually, I've been *thinking* about Lizewski's father being in jail. Maybe this is no bad thing.
Are you nuts? The asshole got away *scot free.* We don't even know *where he is* anymore.
No, but you know where his *father* is.
RIKERS:
DO
D.O.C.
D.

MARTY'S PLACE:
Thanks for putting me up, man. Seriously, I don't know what I'd have done without you and your mom.
What were we gonna do, dude? Let you sleep on the street?
I still can't believe I didn't mask my I.P. address like you guys always did. If only I'd listened my dad wouldn't be in *jail.*
Benefit of hindsight, I guess.
Anything from Hit-Girl yet?
Just a text saying we need to leave this to the cops. I thought *my dad* being in trouble might make a difference, but I'm starting to realize she maybe doesn't *give* a shit.

What's up?
I don't know. Somebody trying to send me a picture, I think...
OH FUCK!
What's *wrong?*
Oh Jesus *Christ...*
What *is* it? What's *happening?*
It's *Dad!*

NYDOC
CORONER

I've no clear memory of what happened next.
The Mother-Fucker declared a three day ceasefire to celebrate my loss, describing Dad's death as a useless and pathetic sacrifice from a sad, forgettable man.
My secret identity was released on Twitter.
Justice Forever were freed from prison with all the other super-people once they realized they had nothing to do with the assault on Katie's home.
The only condition was that they couldn't wear their costumes again and a city-wide ban was established on masks and capes.
The villains promised they wouldn't interfere with the funeral proceedings, but I was so doped up on sleeping pills I had no idea what was happening anyway.
Marty said I just stood there smiling, rocking gently and *talking* to myself. But inside I was *dying...*

When I closed my eyes I made things worse by trying to imagine his *final moments.*
Did he cover his face as they punched and kicked him? Scream for mercy as they bound his hands and pulled that big, fat rope around his neck?
My dad was such a ***decent*** man. All he ever did was try to make things nice for me.
And now he was dead...
...and it was all my fault.
I love you, kiddo.

I love you too, Doggy-Daddy.
Why were we getting *slaughtered* like this when we were only trying to *help people?*
JAMES LIZEWSKI
JAN. 17 — OCT. 21
1962 2011
REST IN PEACE

Dude, can I just say how *sorry* I am? Your dad was totally awesome. All the guys really liked him.
Thanks, Todd. It's appreciated, man.
Dave, I hope you don't mind us showing up uninvited, but the team and I wanted to pay our respects.
We'd love to help you *find* those punks, but we just got out *on parole* last night and they'll toss us in prison if we ever wear our costumes again.
Don't worry. I'm not looking for *revenge.*
I'm actually going to stay with my cousins in Connecticut for a little while. I don't want to be *involved* in this anymore.
Are you serious?
They killed *my dad,* man. They put *Katie* in the *hospital* last week. *What else* has to happen before I give all this up?
The cops said I'm inflaming things so I'm just gonna *lie low* for a little while.
Trust me. It's for the best...

...Marcus said it's the only way to calm things *down.*
I know.
I hope you don't hate me for not *helping out.* I hope you don't *blame me* for everything with your dad...
Not even a little...
You were right and I was totally *wrong,* Mindy. The only person I blame for all this is *myself.*

What the fuck?
DAVE! GET DOWN!

MINDY!
OH MY GOD!

GRAB THE KID! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
NYPD
NYPD
NYPD
What the hell?
GET HIM IN THE TRUCK! MOVE!
WOULD YOU TAKE A FUCKING HINT?
THE GATES ARE CLOSED! HOLD ON TIGHT!

LVARY
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU IDIOTS!
Wh-What are you doing? What do you *want* with me?
We're kidnapping your ass. What does it *look* like? You're coming back to ours for the worst night of your life, asshole.
You're about to get a ring-side seat for the *big night* in the *Big Apple.*
I don't care. There's nothing you can do to *hurt me* anymore. I can't feel worse than I do *right now...*

Wanna bet?
UNGH!
Get him in costume. The boss wants him dressed when he gets back to base. This won't be any fun if he isn't dressed like *Kick-Ass...*
What the hell?
JESUS CHRIST!

MINDY!
What the Hell happened to my gun?
POLIC

Game on, mother-fuckers.

-SIX-

HIT-GIRL:
SHE'S UP ON THE ROOF! SWERVE THE TRUCK!
SHIT!
Mindy?
HFF!

What the hell are you *playing* at, retard?
...those were *innocent people* you almost hit!
URRK!

OOFF!
Okay. Tell me where you're taking Kick-Ass and you have my word you'll get out of this *alive.*
It-It-It's a furniture warehouse in *the Bronx!* There's a sign outside saying *home supplies!* F-Four Sixty-One Commercial Street!
Thank you.

WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON UP THERE?
Relax, doofus. The cavalry's behind the wheel.
Now get into costume and straighten yourself out. We're going to go finish these goons once and for all.
I don't want to get into costume. It's my Dad's Goddamn funeral!
Get into costume and grow a pair, Kick-Ass...
...it's time to stop taking shit from these people.

THE SUPER-VILLAIN HQ:
Oh, man. *Look* at this thing. I don't think it's moved since we had it delivered.
LIL WANDA
It says on the Internet you're supposed to keep them in *fresh-water*. What kind of water did Luigi actually use here? Is this *salt-water?*
No, it's definitely the right stuff. I just don't think sharks like being kept in a *tank*.
I tried telling the Mother-Fucker, but he had this crazy idea about seeing Kick-Ass get eaten alive.
When do the fireworks kick off tonight *anyway*? Was it *eight?*
Yeah. He said he wants the food and drinks ready for about nine-thirty. Can you believe we got stuck on kitchen duty when they're all out there starting a riot?
Never mind. We still got Kick-Ass to play with. Here's Kevin and the guys back *now*.

Whassup, Kick-Ass? You ready to get your face punched in?
Oh man, I am *so* looking forward to this.
Oh shit.
You do the big guy. I'll kill everybody else.
Right.

Jesus! What are you *doing?*
Teaching you cock-suckers a *lesson!*
UNH!

Now.
Is everybody listening *carefully?*
Oh God, please...
Kick-Ass! *Stop!* You have to *believe* me! I...

SHUT UP!
THIS IS FOR DAD!
THIS IS FOR KATIE!
THIS IS FOR ALL THE SHIT YOU'VE CAUSED!

BON APPÉTIT, MISTER BOND!
What the hell's up with that *shark?*
Doesn't matter.

Ohh Goddd...
Start talking, fuck-knuckle.
Where's your boss and what's he got *planned tonight?*
FUCK YOU!

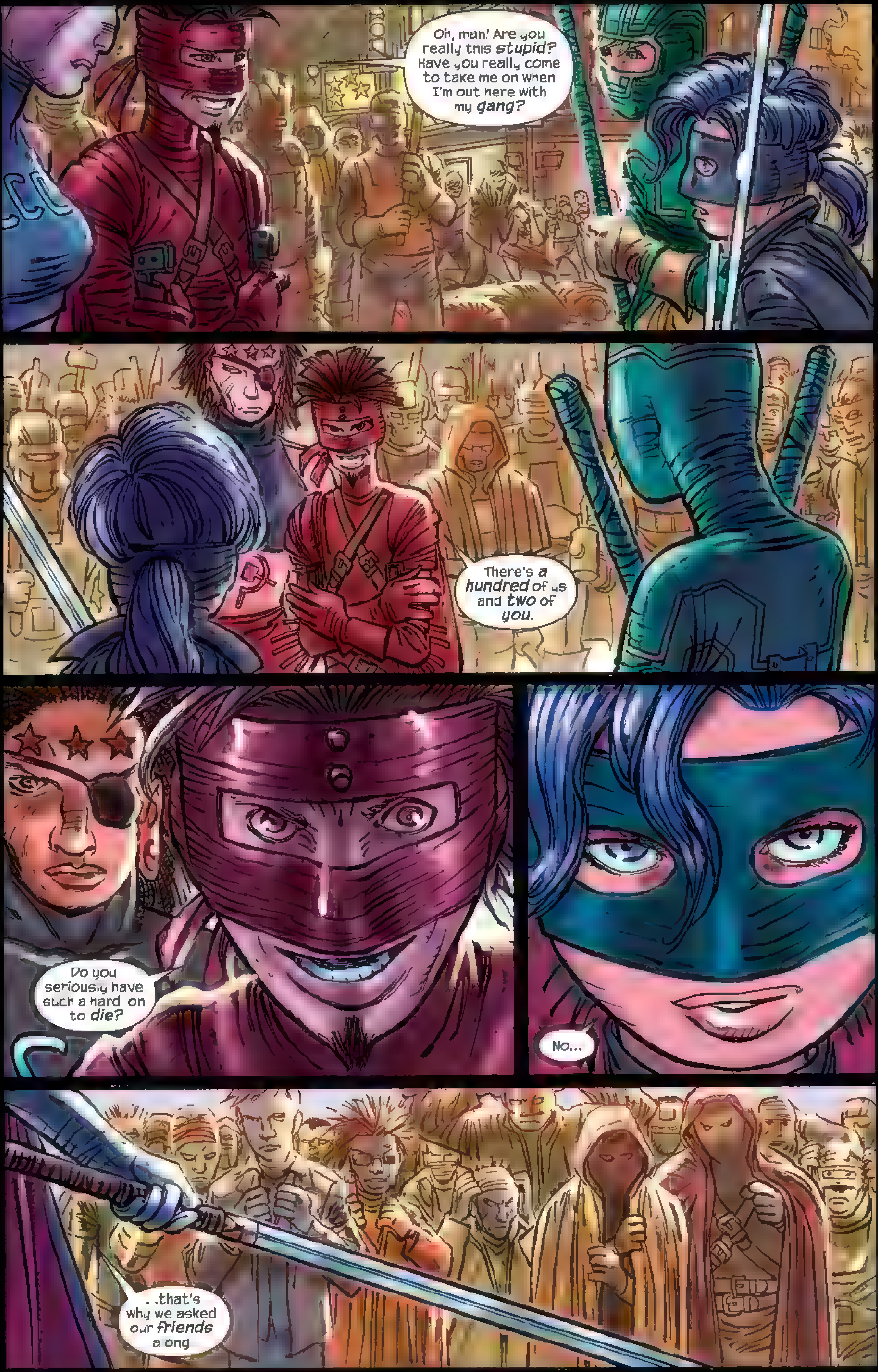
Excuse me?
Everyone so far has just been a *warm up,* skank. We've put the word out to all our followers to pull on a mask and do something *crazy* tonight.
We're gonna rock your world 'til it all falls down. You think I'm gonna betray the big plan 'cos there's a *gun* in my face?
Fair enough.
Kick-Ass, fetch me a pair of pliers!
I'm gonna start with this cunt's *finger-nails...*
What?

GREENWICH VILLAGE:
Shouldn't we just call the *cops?*
Absolutely not. This is *superhero business.*
They're planning a *riot.*
We've got *enough people* of our *own.*
But what if our guys don't *show up?* What if they *only said* they were going to help?
They're *comic fans,* Kick-Ass. They'll *be* here.
They've waited their *entire lives* for a rumble between superheroes and super-villains.

Now stay alert and keep your eyes peeled. That idiot said they'll be in their *alter-egos,* but it won't take them long to get into *costume.*
Is that something going on *down there?*
Son of a *bitch...*

DEC 1ST
MUSIC
GALLERY
MAX
CCCP
FUCK 'EM UP BAD! KILL THESE COCK-SUCKERS!
YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS YOU CAN!
AGH!
UNGH!
UGH!
UNGH!

CHRIS GENOVESE!
What the hell?
Give it up, *bitch!*


Oh, man! Are you really this *stupid*? Have you really come to take me on when I'm out here with my *gang*?
There's a *hundred* of us and *two* of *you*.
Do you seriously have such a hard on to *die*?
No...
...that's why we asked our *friends* along

Oh no.
Avengers assemble, asshole.
JUSTICE IS ABOUT TO BE SERVED.

Don't try to moralize with *me,* dude. You're the *bad guy* here.
What are you *talking* about? You murdered my fucking *dad!*
So? You murdered *my* dad *too!*
You hospitalized my Goddamn *girlfriend.*
She wasn't your *girlfriend,* you creepy fuck. She hardly even knew who you *were.*
In fact, she said you'd been stalking her since the *third grade.* What kind of weirdo stalks bitches at *eight?* Shouldn't you have been into *the turtles* or something?
Drop *dead!*

No, *you* drop dead!
Get your stupid *hands* off me!
Make me!
Would one of you pussies at least throw a *punch?*
UNGH!

What are you *standing around* for?
TAKE 'EM DOWN!
RAAARGHH!
You *ready* for this?
Absolutely.

SUCK MY BALLS!
Well, that went a lot better than I expected...
OH, MAN. IT'S THE COPS!

Oh no.
Stop! We're superheroes! We're the ones trying to help these guys!
NYPD
OONFF!
They're not listening! All they see is freaks in costumes!
LIEUTENANT!

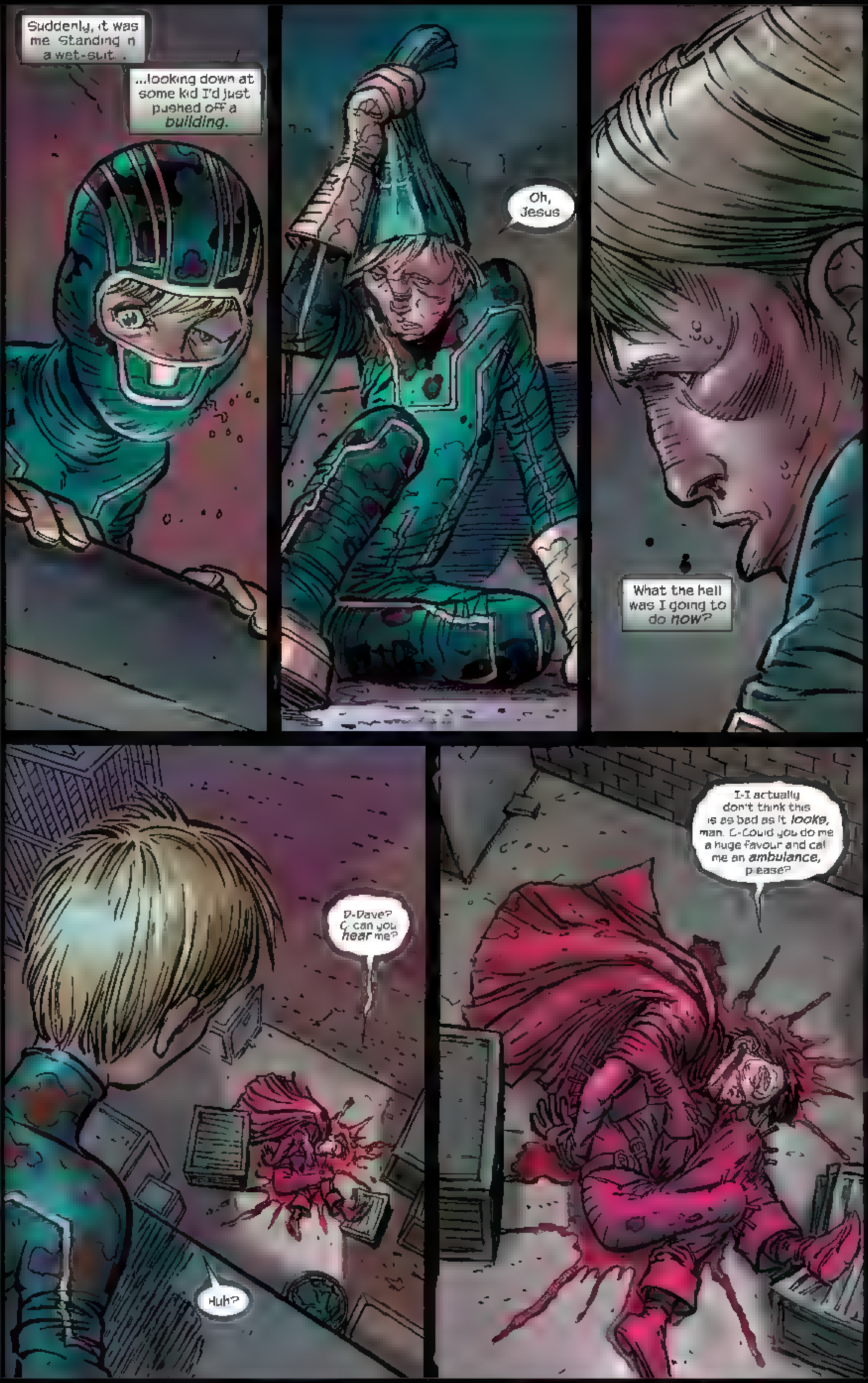
Stop him! He's getting away!
NYPD
Would you fuck off?
Get back here, you idiot!
Huff huff huff.
Get back here and fight me!
ROOF

GUNGH!
GAAAGH!
Jesus!
What are you doing, man? Are you insane? The cops are all over the street down there. We need to lie low for a while.
UNGH!
Fuck you!

I'm here to *help* the cops, asshole. *You're* the freakin' *psycho...*
UUNGH!
I'm putting you in jail for *the rest* of your *life!*
KUHH!
Fifty grand! I'll give you fifty grand to just *walk away!*
Not interested.

Wait a second. Seriously. I really think you did something to my balls back there...
GAGHH!
You prick!
You total, fucking prick!
What the hell's wrong with you?

Oh my God.
SHIT!
Suddenly, it was over.


Suddenly, it was me standing in a wet-suit...
...looking down at some kid I'd just pushed off a building.
Oh, Jesus
What the hell was I going to do now?
D-Dave? C-can you hear me?
Huh?
I-I actually don't think this is as bad as it looks, man. C-Could you do me a huge favour and call me an ambulance, please?

I promise I won't tell anyone you lost your *temper*. I promise I won't get you into *trouble*.
It just really, really *hurts* and I need to go to the hospital. I-I-I can't feel my *legs* and I'm so fucking *scared*...
Please. I won't even *mention* you, dude.
Nobody needs to *know* you totally freaked out on me...
Shit.
I can't believe I'm *doing* this. I must be out of my friggin' *mind*...
Emergency services? I, ah...I need an ambulance. I've got a guy with a *broken neck* and some kind of *serious internal injuries*.
What the *hell?*

JESUS!
LOOK! UP ON THE ROOF!
SHIT!
JODIE! SEAL OFF ALL THE EXITS! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE UP THERE!
Oh my God. How do I get out of *this?*
Leave it to the *big boys.*
Huh?

Hit-Girl!
Head back to base and wait with *the others*...
...I'll meet you there in *an hour!*
What the *fuck?*
Dude, they're only smoke bombs...

...nothing to get *excited* about.
STOP HER! KEEP HER AWAY FROM THE CARS!
Sorry, chief. But I need this more than *you* do...
19113
Oh my god! Don't let her near me!
She's going to fucking kill me, man!
EM
Your *lucky day,* asshole...

POLICE
47 STREET
...I got bigger fish to fry right now.
She saved me.
Just like superheroes are supposed to.
Wow.
She risked it all just to get me out of there and suddenly I got why they embraced us like they did.
Why these movies make so much money right now.
Why these characters were created in the first place.
We all just need a little color in our lives and the certainty of a happy ending...
Go, Hit-Girl, go!

...because real life doesn't *work out* like that.
Target is on **Waverly** and heading for **Seventh Avenue...**
...driving like a maniac and made a **sharp left.** Now turning right and heading straight for **Barrow.** Nobody on her **tail.**
What the **fuck,** people?
Oh, for Christ's sake. All this fuss over one little girl.
Gigante! What are you doing?
NYPD
POL
She's a ***superhero,*** right?

You really think she's going to kill a cop?
CITY OF NEW YORK POLICE
NYPD
Get off the road, dickwad.
GET OFF THE GODDAMN ROAD!
SHIT!

NYPD
POLICE
Hunff!
There! Now *that* wasn't so hard, *was* it?

Don't take your eyes off her, boys. She might *look* like a little kid, but she's wanted for the murders of at least *sixty people.*
Yes, sir.
Don't worry. I'd never *hurt* a uniform...
That's very *noble* of you, young lady. But I really don't *give* a shit. Do you understand exactly how much *trouble* you're in right now?
I don't care. A superhero doesn't *think* about her own safety. All that matters is that we *saved* those *people* and nailed The Mother-Fucker's *gang.*
You are *not* a *superhero.* You're a little girl with a *personality disorder.* When are you gonna get that through your *thick skull?*
Area's under control again, sir. The guys have made a hundred arrests and rounding up a few of the strays right now.
About damn *time.*

Marty! Todd! Wait for me!
HALF A MILE AWAY:
Dave! What the *fuck?*
Get in here! Quick!
What the *Hell*, man? I thought you said we'd be ***heroes*** if we showed up and fought the bad guys. I thought it'd be like a comic book with people ***cheering*** us and stuff.
Me too. But I guess the cops couldn't tell the heroes from the villains. All they saw was fanboys wearing ***costumes***.
Are you guys okay?
I got kicked in the head, but it didn't hurt so bad. Todd thought he'd been stabbed, but it turned out to be somebody else's blood.
It genuinely freaked ***the shit*** outta me, man. I'm not kidding.

Are you heading for the safe-house?
Yeah, but where's *Hit-Girl?* What happened to *her?*
She said she'd catch us *over* there.
C'mon! We need to keep moving. These friggin' cops are looking *everywhere.*
Yeah, we just busted a whole *group* of 'em. But it's *weird.* Not a single one of them *resisted arrest.*
Because we're *superheroes,* numb-nuts. Haven't you heard?
Superheroes? Are you fucking *crazy?*
You shot up our *entire neighborhood!*
THE GARY HEGARTY PROJECT
Get in the *truck,* you sons of *bitches!*
I hope they throw away the *goddamn keys!!*

TWO MILES AWAY:
CSO 393
POLICE LINE DO NOT C
I need to get *through* here! *Please!* I'm a *detective!*
What the hell's *going on* here, Bracco?
I have absolutely *no idea.*
Mindy?
Mindy?
What the hell do *you* want, Detective?

Vic, please! I know this looks crazy, but Mindy's my *stepdaughter*. If I could just get a minute to *explain*...
What?
You *knew* about this? You knew who these lunatics *were?*
Place Detective Williams *under arrest* and charge him with conspiracy and dereliction of duty. Get him *away* from here! *Now!*
Vic! Just give me *two minutes!*
PD
POLICE
I'm *sorry,* Marcus. Tell my mom I couldn't *be* more sorry.
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your *support*.

It's been an honor to *serve.*
R

KICK-ASS

MARK MILLAR is the New York Times bestselling author of *Kick-Ass*, *Wanted* and *Kingsman: The Secret Service*, all of which have been adapted into Hollywood franchises.

His DC Comics work includes the seminal *Superman: Red Son*. At Marvel Comics he created *The Ultimates*, selected by Time magazine as the comic book of the decade and described by screenwriter Zak Penn as his major inspiration for *The Avengers* movie. Millar also created *Wolverine: Old Man Logan* and *Civil War*, Marvel's two biggest-selling graphic novels ever. *Civil War* was the basis of the *Captain America: Civil War* movie and *Old Man Logan* was the inspiration for Fox's *Logan* movie in 2017.

Mark has been an executive producer on all his movies, and for four years worked as a creative consultant to Fox Studios on their Marvel slate of movies. In 2018, Netflix bought Millarworld in the company's first ever acquisition, and employed Mark as President to continue creating comics, TV shows and movies. His much-anticipated autobiography, *Vietnam Memories* will be published next year.

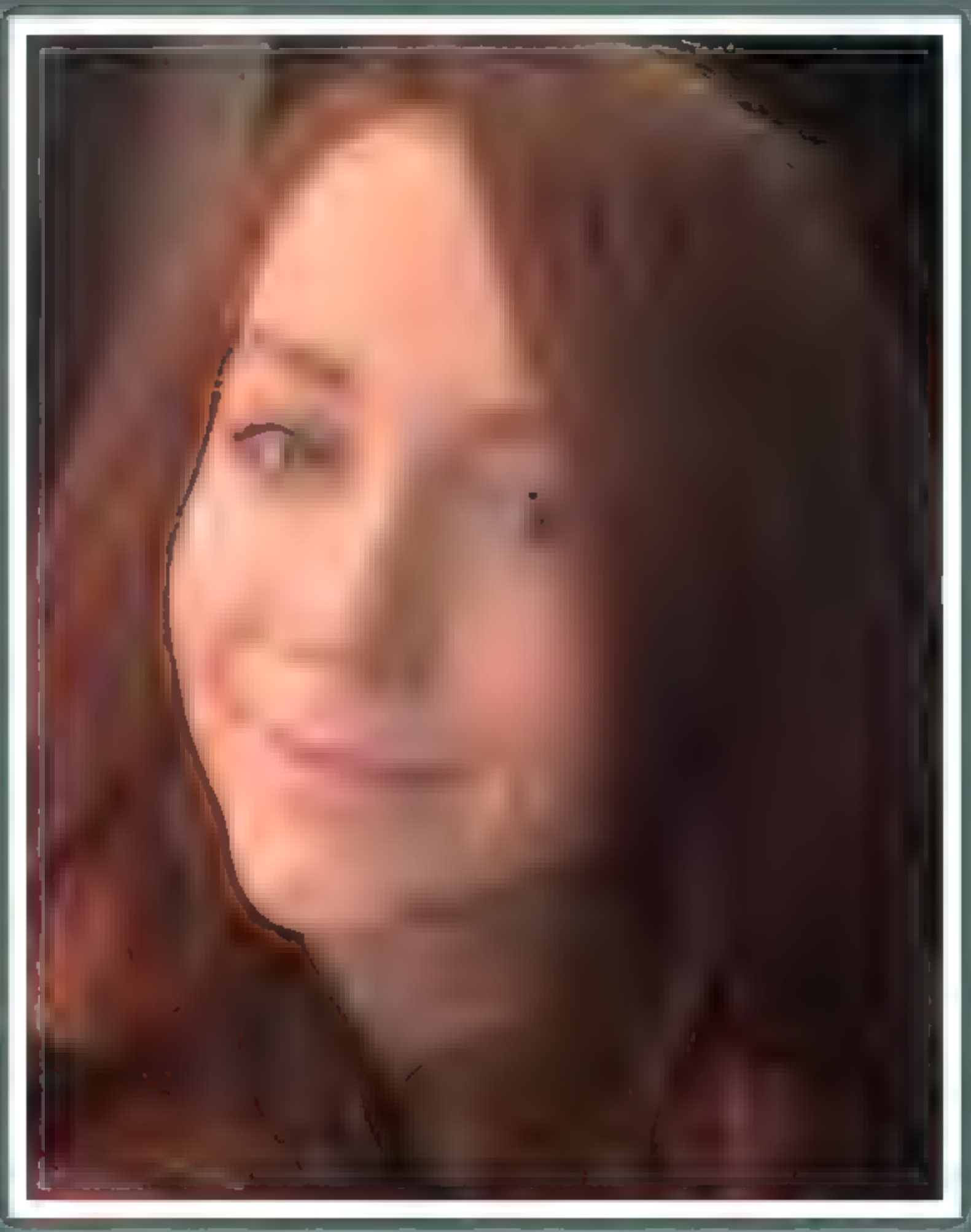
JOHN ROMITA JR is a modern-day comic art legend. He has followed in his father's footsteps and helped keep the Romita name on the list of top-shelf talent. Timeless runs on *Iron Man*, *Uncanny X-Men*, *Amazing Spider-Man* and *Daredevil* helped establish him as his own man artistically, and his art on *Wolverine* is arguably the most explosive comic art of its decade — trumped perhaps only by his work on the massive blockbuster *World War Hulk*. JRJR has also paired with renowned writer Neil Gaiman for *The Eternals*, worked on DC Comics' flagship title *Superman* with writer Geoff Johns and in 2016 joined forces with Scott Snyder on the *All-Star Batman* series as part of the DC Rebirth relaunch. 2018 sees him reunite with Mark Millar for the next installment of *Kick-Ass*, the greatest superhero comic of all time.

TOM PALMER debuted on *Doctor Strange* and has enjoyed memorable runs on all of Marvel's top titles as an artist, inker, colorist and painter. He was part of many "dream teams": with Neal Adams on *X-Men*, John Buscema on *The Avengers* and Gene Colan on *Tomb Of Dracula*. Other notable Marvel titles include *X-Men: The Hidden Years*, *Star Wars*, *Punisher: Born* and *Wolverine*. Tom has also had a successful career in advertising for Hertz, American Cyanamid, Winsor & Newton, and Panasonic. Recent credits include William Gibson's *Archangel* and *Star Wars: The Rise of a Hero*. His official website, tompalmerillustration.com, is updated daily.

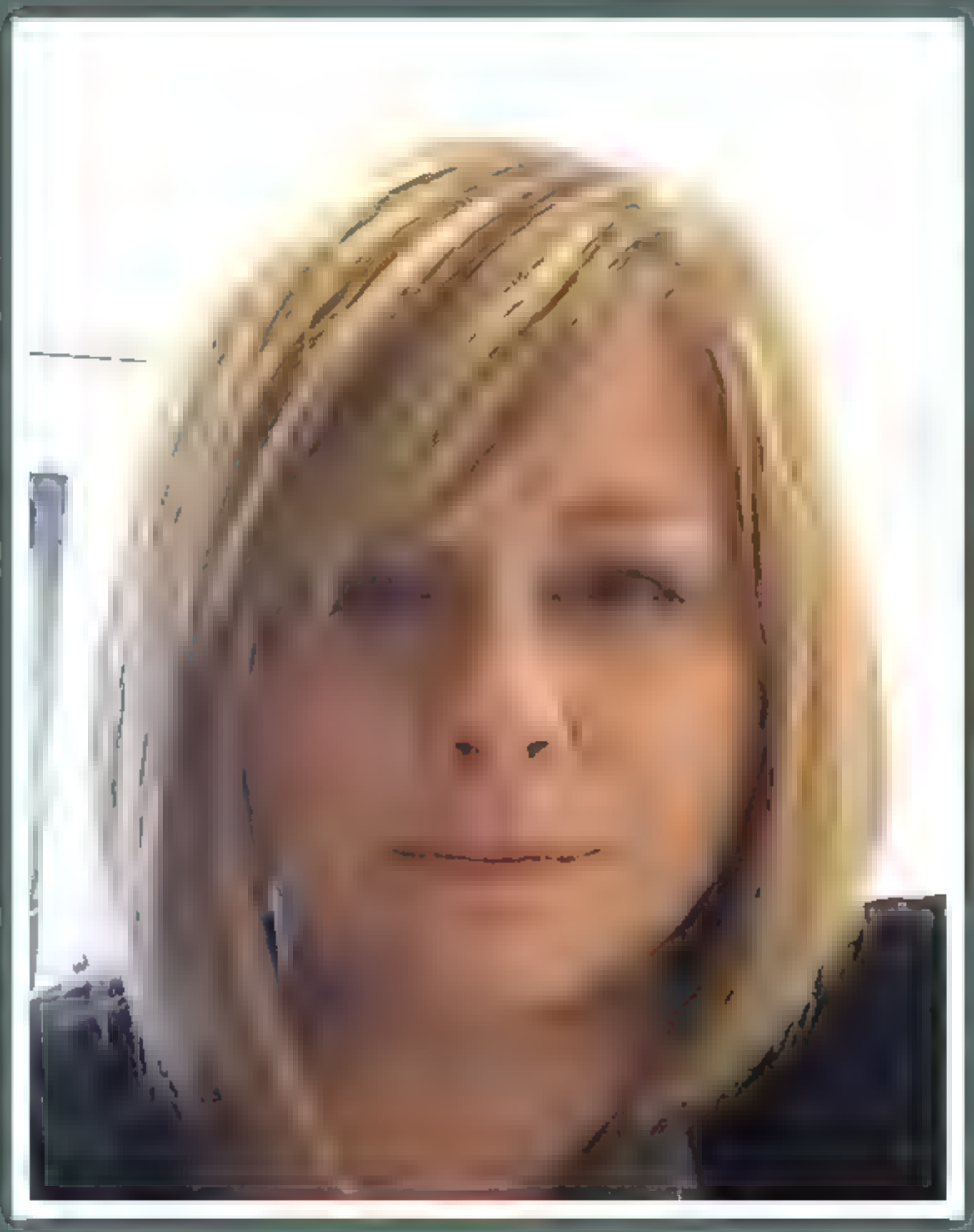
DEAN WHITE is one of the comic industry's best and most sought-after color artists. Well known for his work on titles such as *The Amazing Spider-Man*, *Punisher*, *Dark Avengers*, *Captain America*, *Black Panther*, *Wolverine* and countless more, Dean's envelope-pushing rendering and color palette bring a sense of urgency and power to every page he touches.

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS is a multiple award winner for his lettering, having worked on dozens of books during the twenty years he's been in the industry – including Erik Larsen's *Savage Dragon*, for which he hand-lettered the first 100 issues. Adding to his success as a letterer, he also publishes his own strip *Misery Loves Sherman*, wrote and illustrated the popular *Franklin Richards: Son of a Genius* one-shots and wrote Marvel's *Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers* series.

As an editor, **AUBREY SITTERSON** has worked with some of the top names, characters and companies in the comic book industry. After starting his career at Marvel, where he edited titles including *The Irredeemable Ant-Man*, *Punisher War Journal* and the *Strange Tales* anthology, he made the jump to freelance, working on *The Walking Dead*, *Invincible* and, of course, *Kick-Ass*. Aubrey currently works as a comic book writer, penning *Street Fighter x G.I. Joe*, *G.I. Joe* and *Scarlett's Strike Force* for IDW Publishing as well as work for Marvel, DC, Image, Oni Press, BOOM! and Viz. In addition to his comics work, Aubrey has two podcasts, the wrestling talk show *Straight Shoot* and the sword & sorcery serial *Skald*.



RACHAEL FULTON is series editor of Mark Millar and John Romita Jr.'s monthly ongoing *Kick-Ass* series, as well as the monthly ongoing *Hit-Girl* series—working with talent such as Kevin Smith, Rafael Albuquerque and Goran Parlov. She is editor of Netflix's Millarworld division, where she is currently producing *The Magic Order* with Mark Millar and Olivier Coipel. Her past credits as series editor include *Empress* (Millar/Immonen), *Jupiter's Legacy 2* (Millar/Quitely), *Reborn* (Millar/Capullo) and *Kingsman: The Red Diamond* (Williams/Fraser) and she was associate editor on *Jupiter's Circle* and *Huck*. She is collections editor for the 2017 editions of *Kingsman: The Secret Service* and all volumes of *Kick-Ass: The Dave Lizewski Years*. In a previous life she was a journalist, working as a features writer, onscreen reporter and producer, where she won awards for her human rights reporting, fiction writing and TV work. You can find her on Twitter @Rachael_Fulton and on the *Kick-Ass* and *Hit-Girl* Facebook and Instagram accounts.



SPRING HOTELING has worked on *Kick-Ass* since its beginnings at Marvel in 2008. She is an award-winning graphic designer, placing first in the 2014 New York Book Show for Hardcover Fiction Series. She has designed books and comics for prestigious publishers such as Penguin Random House, St Martin's Press and Marvel for the last 12 years, working with such notable authors as Steven Pressfield and Harlan Coben. She also runs her own design firm, Spring Hoteling Designs, and two Etsy shops: Hello Hope Printables and Timber & Type Event Design and Home Decor. As if that didn't keep her busy enough, she is also wife to Mike and mom to seven-year-old Hope.

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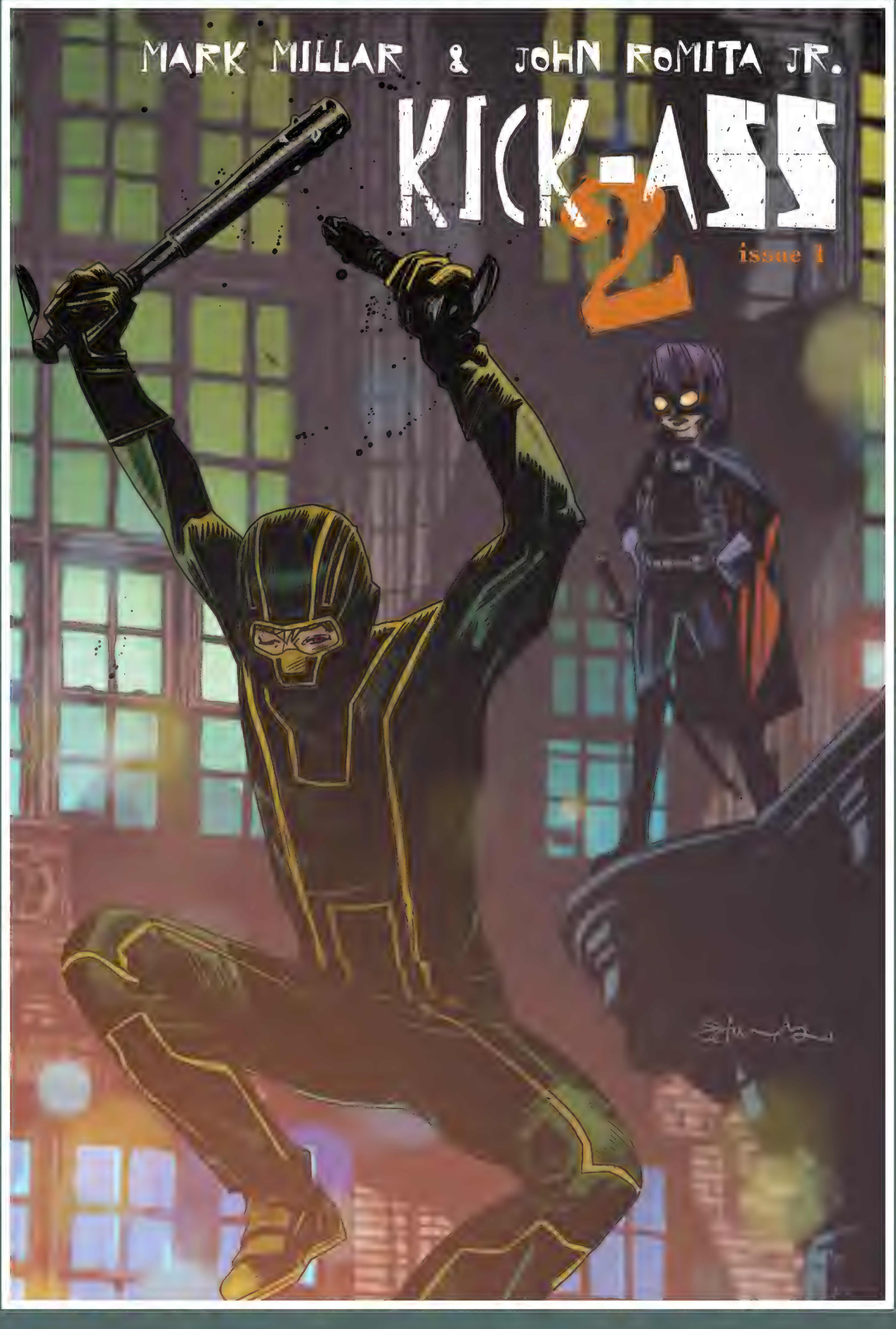
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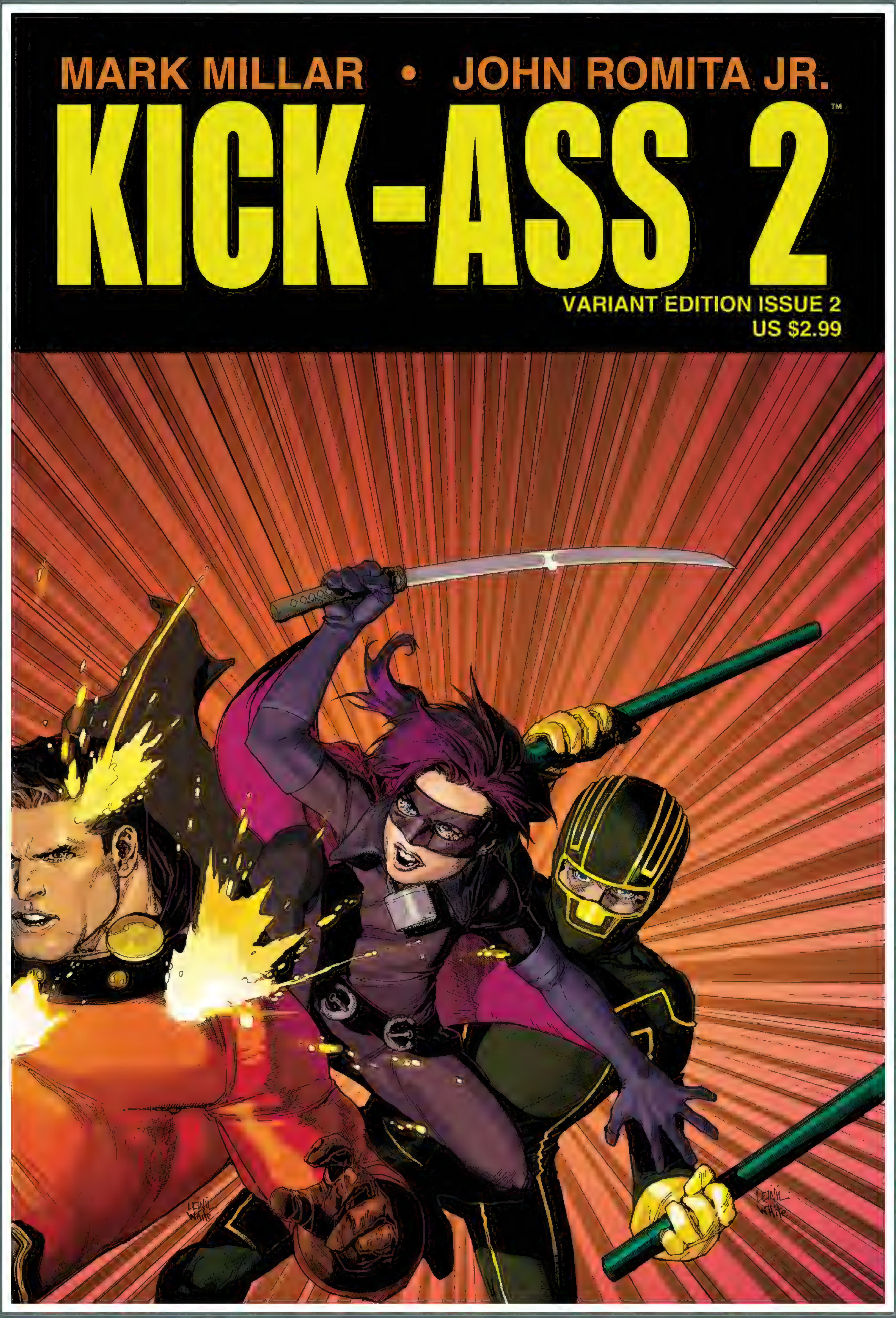
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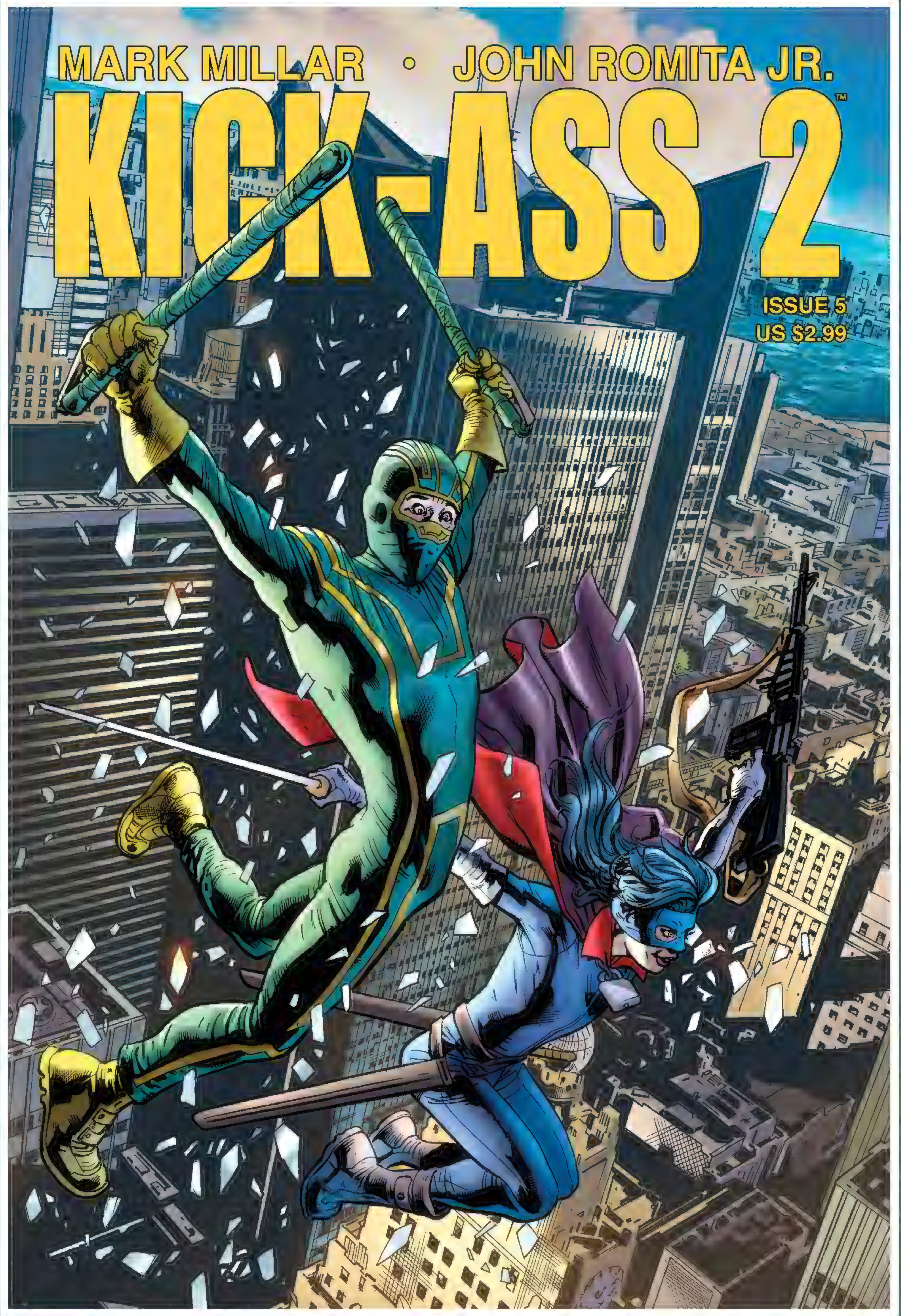
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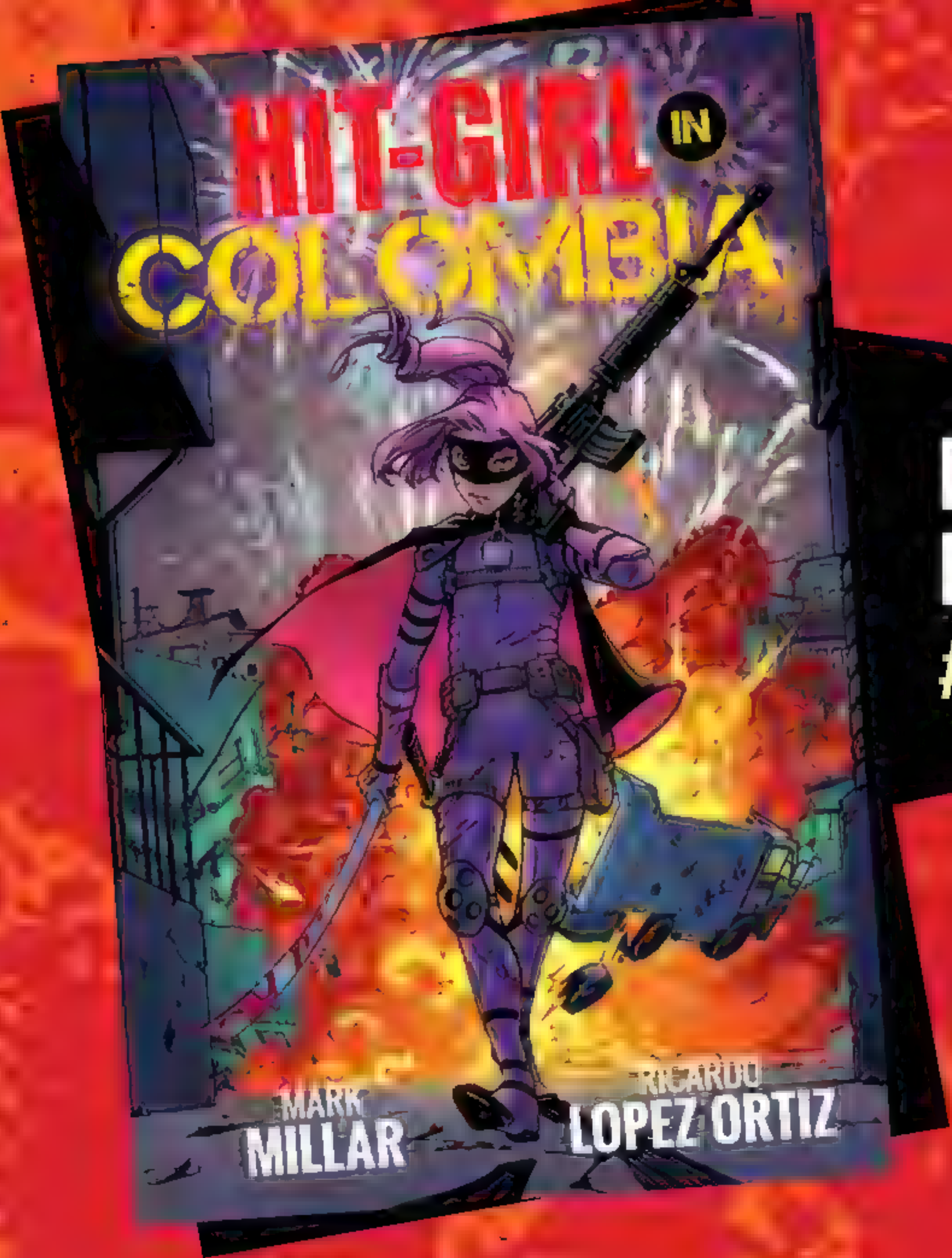
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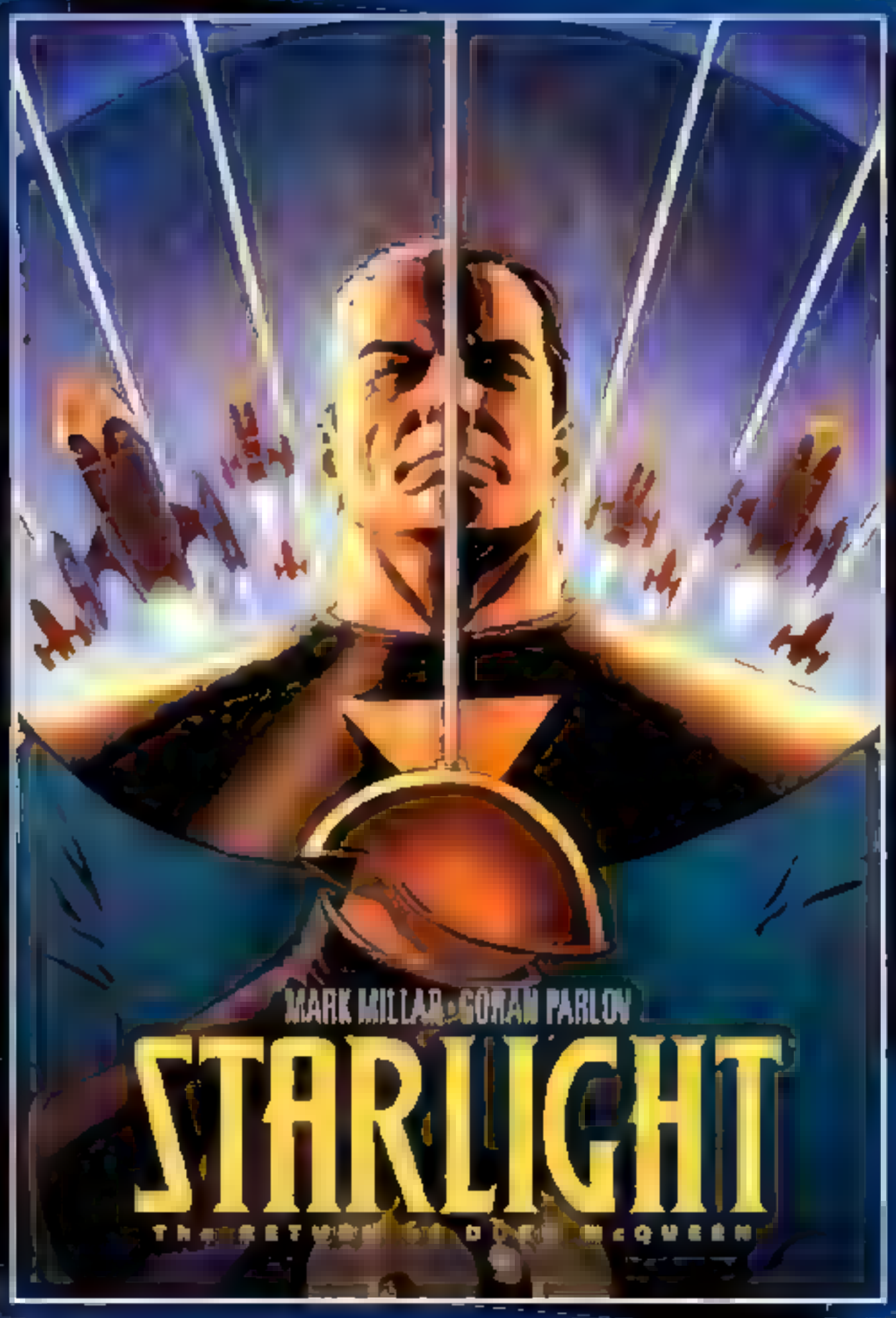
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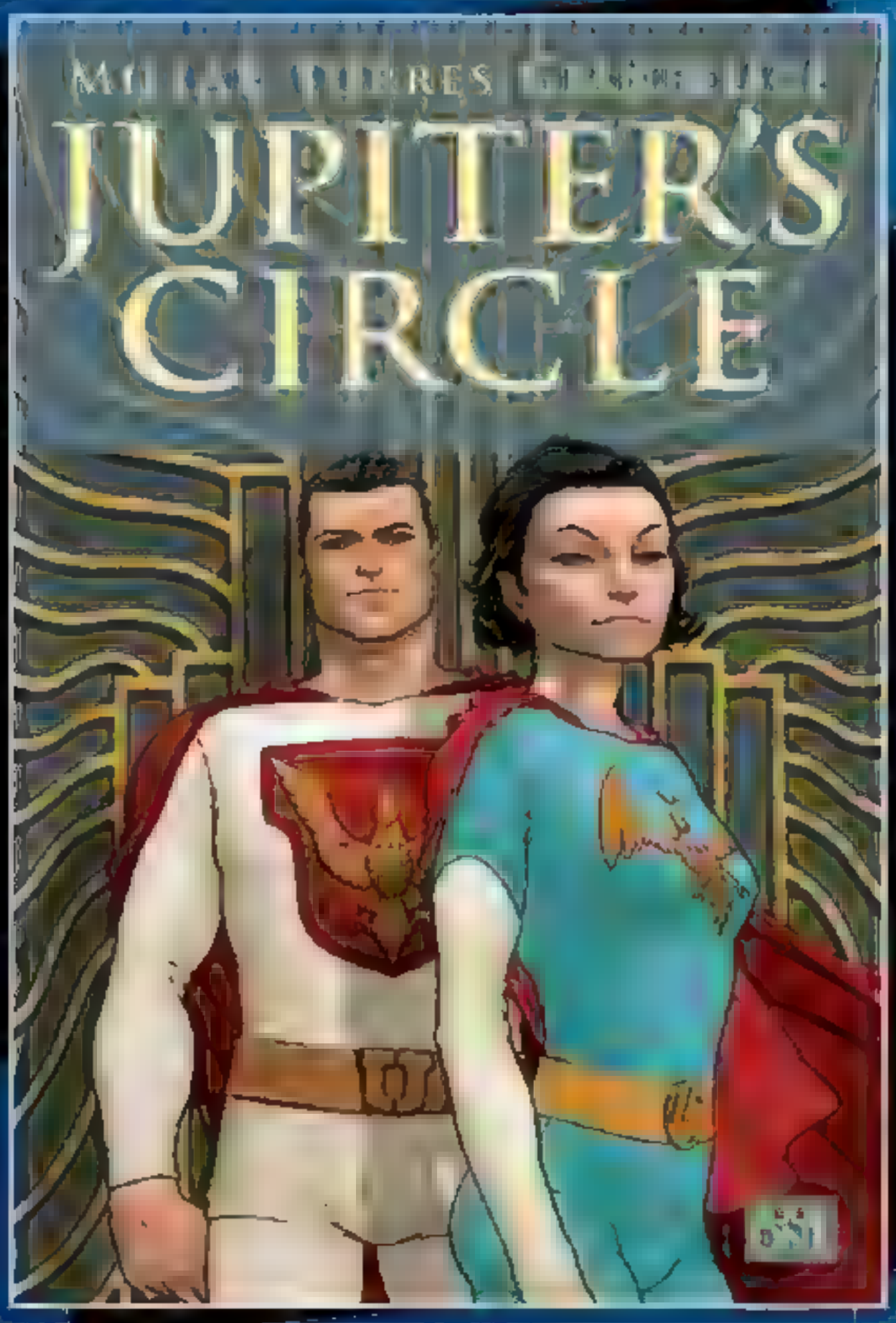
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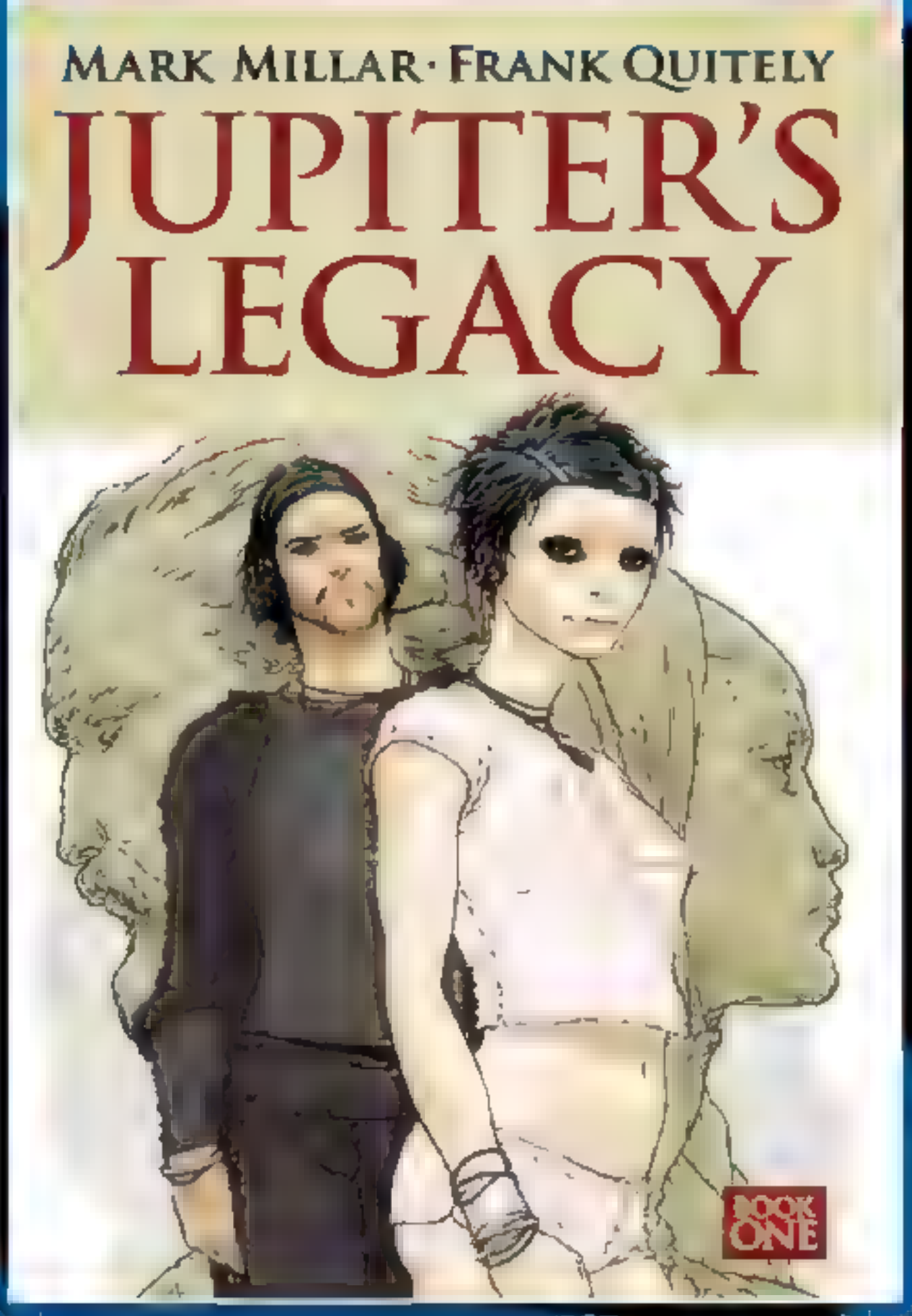
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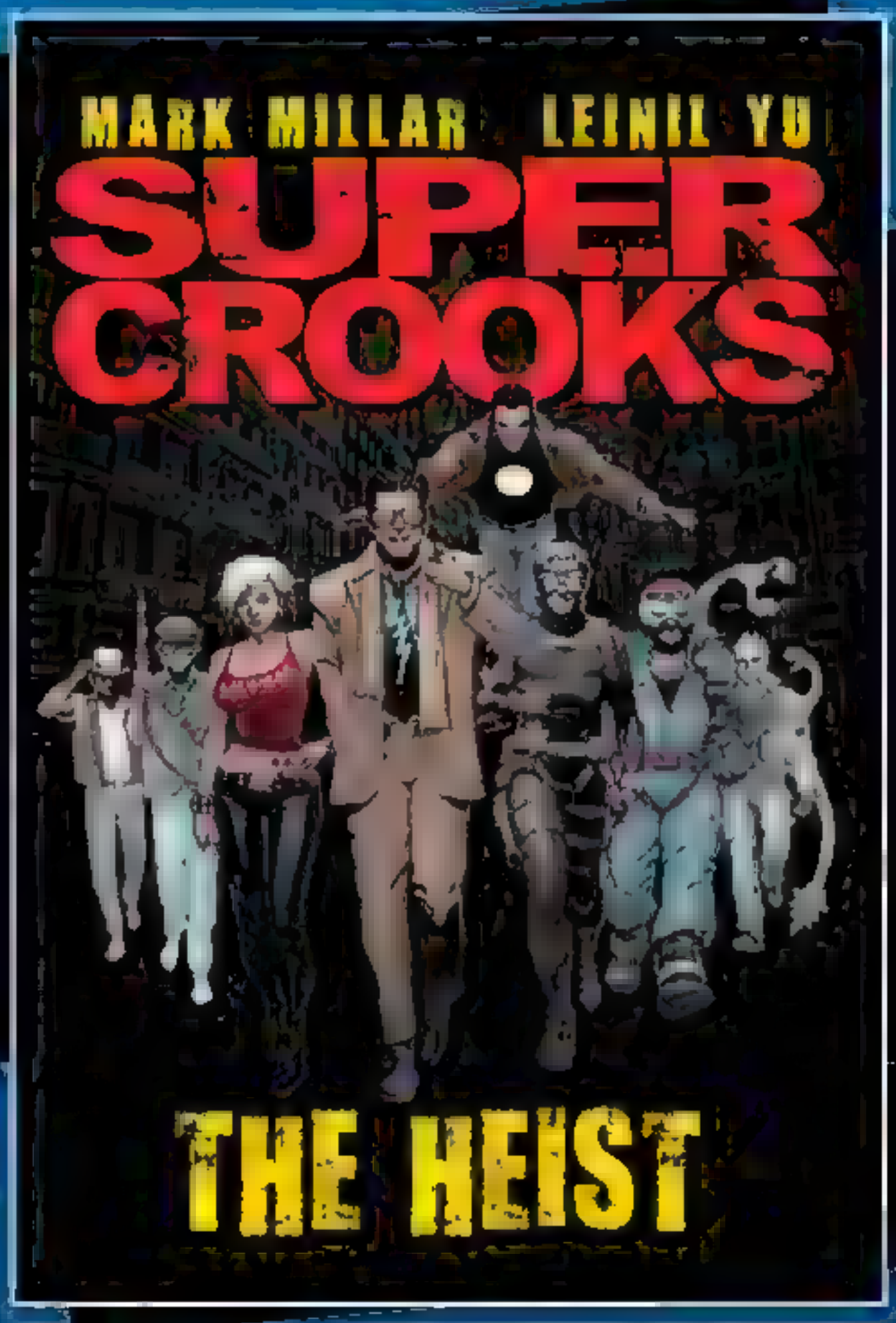
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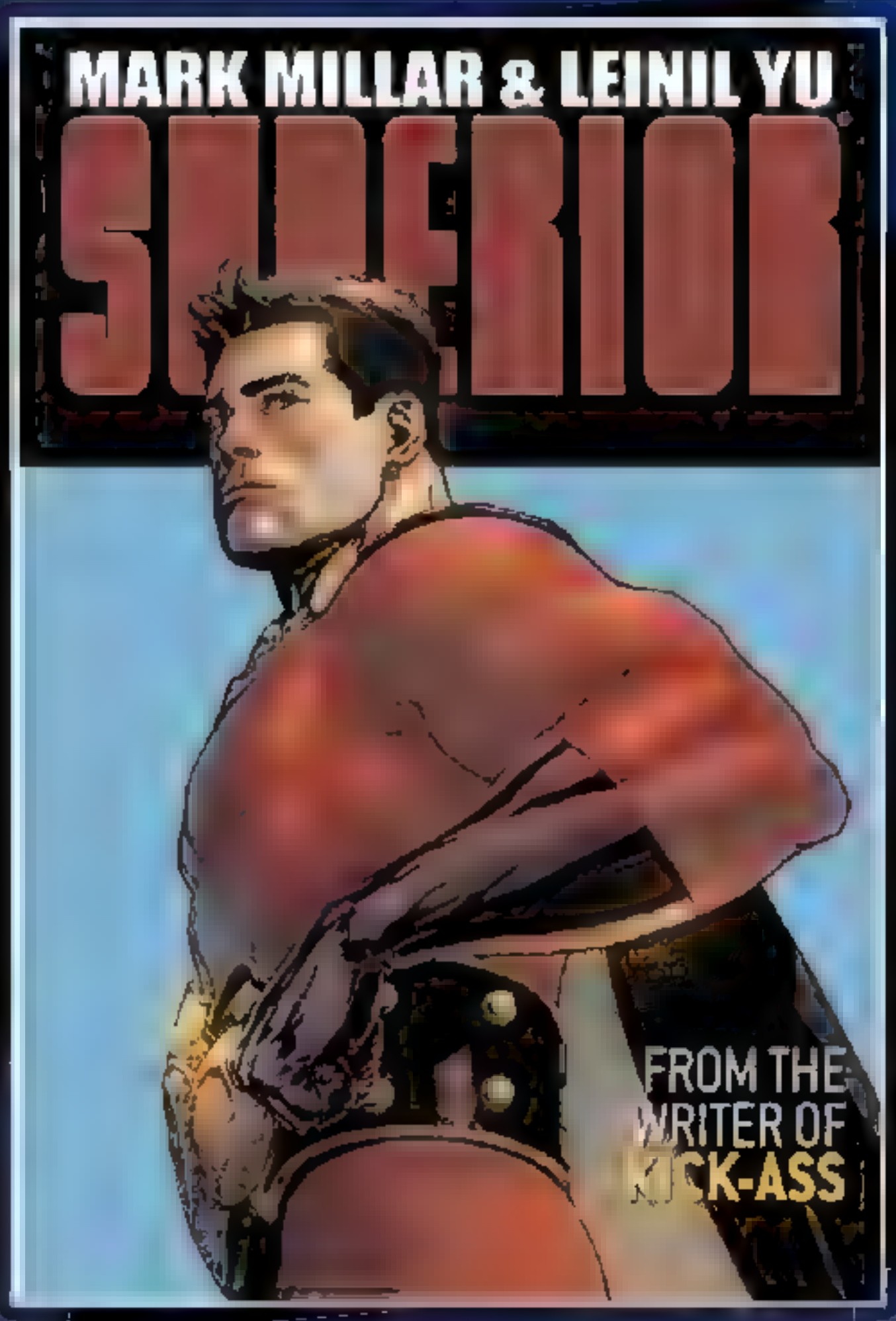
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FROM THE WRITER OF KICK-ASS

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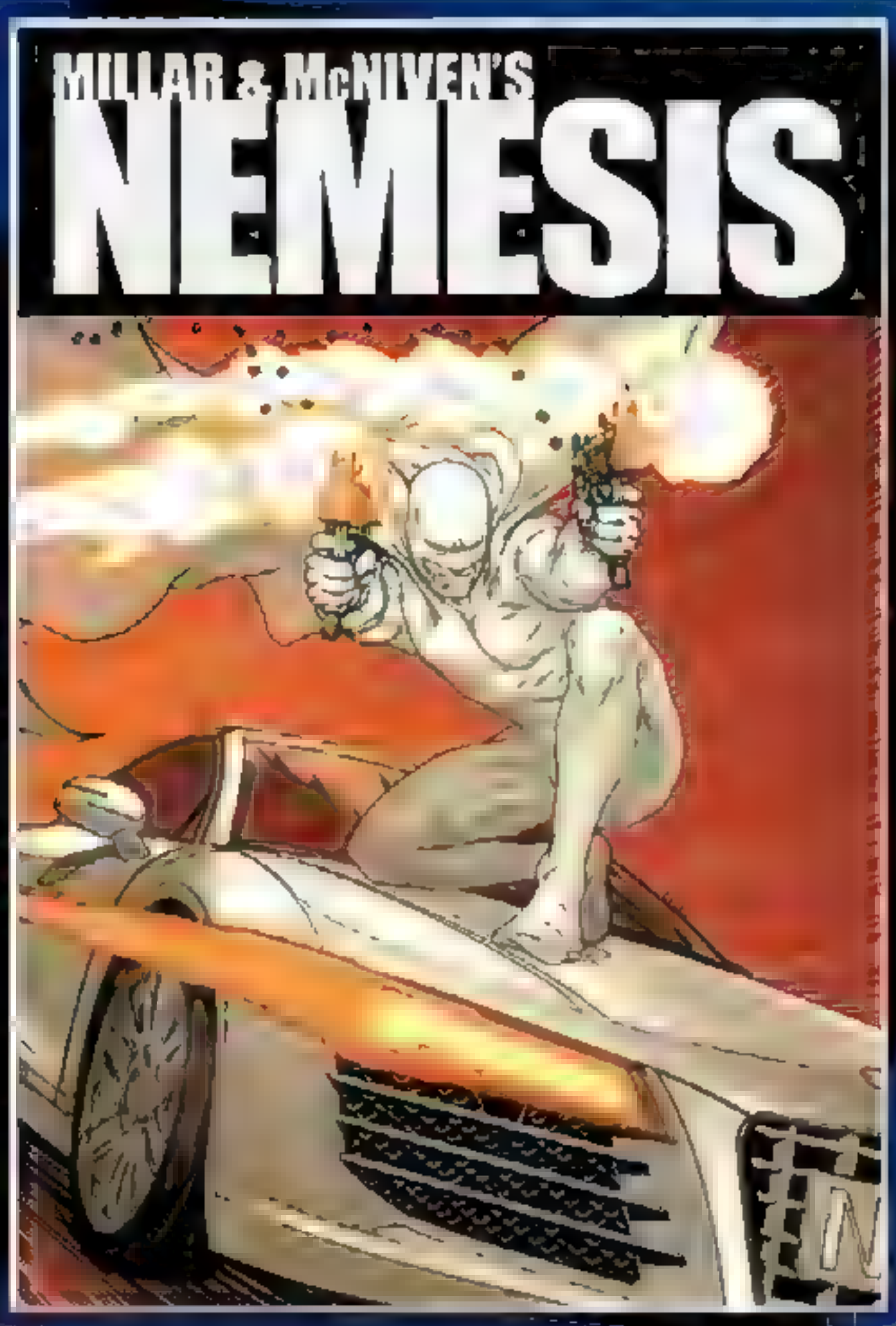
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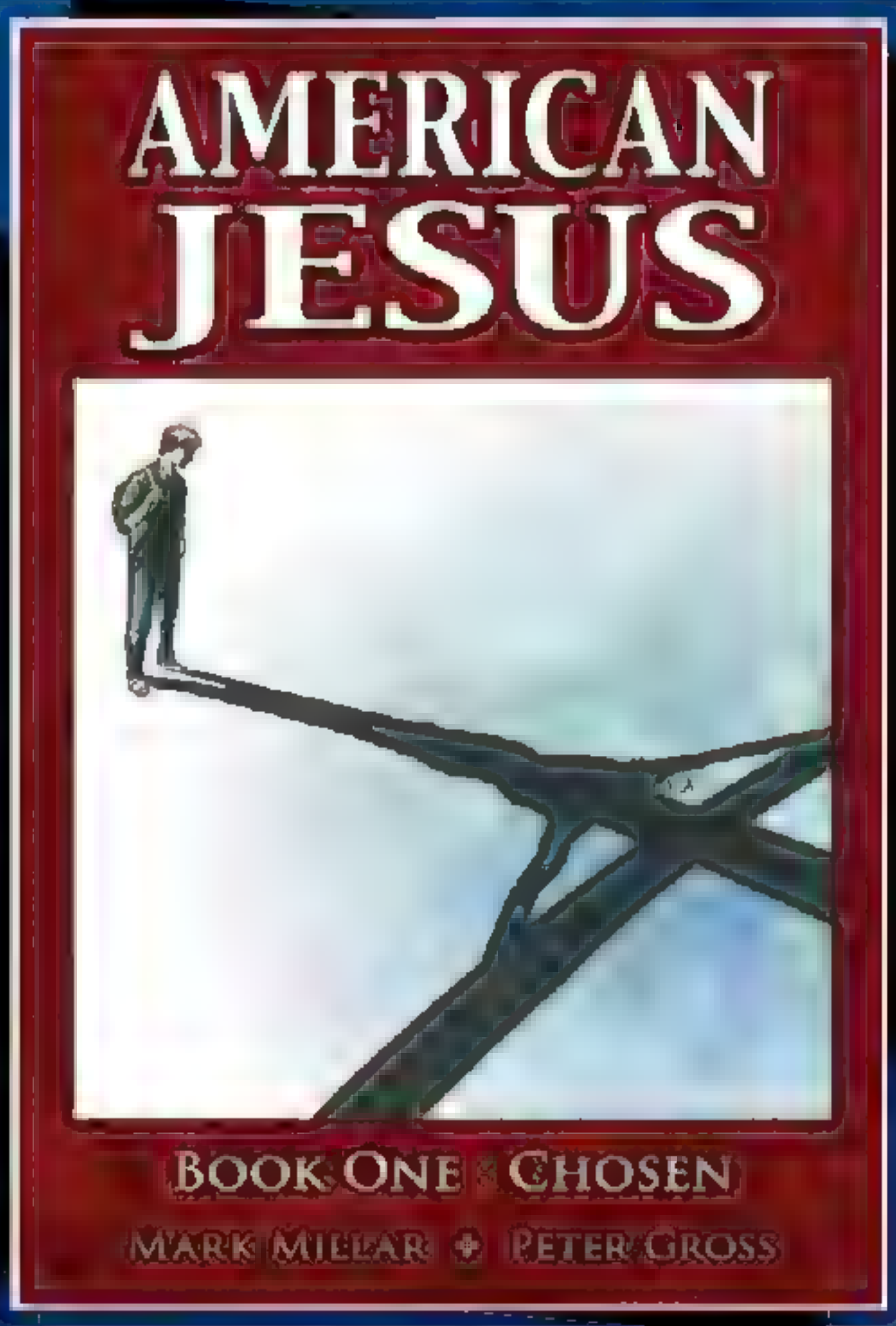
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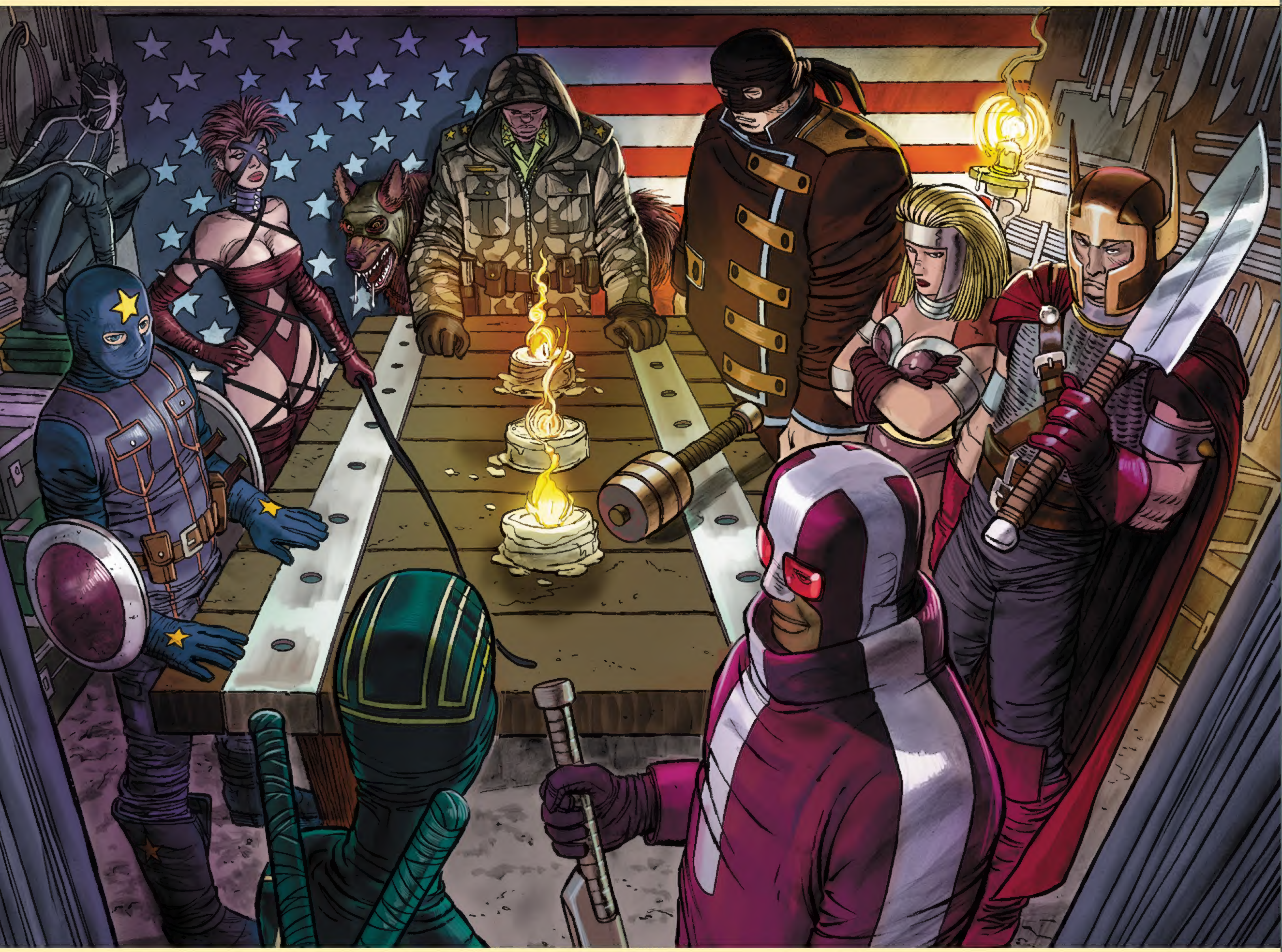
KICK-ASS IS ABOUT TO FACE HIS GREATEST CHALLENGE YET



Dave Lizewski put on a mask and became Kick-Ass—chasing his superhero dreams and becoming a viral sensation overnight. He and Hit-Girl took down the Mafia and spawned a full-blown superhero movement in the process. Now everyone wants to be a superhero, and super-teams are assembling across NYC...

But every superhero needs a super-villain, and Red Mist is happy to step up to the plate. He recruits a murderous squad to face-off with Kick-Ass and wipe the superheroes out completely.

When the rich-kid nemesis starts targeting Dave's loved ones, Kick-Ass has no choice but to fight back, in his most brutal battle to date.

Superheroes / Action

Collects *Kick-Ass 2 #1-7* by the superstar creative team of Mark Millar (*Civil War, Old Man Logan*) and John Romita Jr. (*Amazing Spider-Man*).

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